

COMMENT OF THE DAY

In Praise Of Prowess

THE running of a measured mile by a human being in less than four minutes is an historical event; that it has been accomplished by Roger Bannister, an Englishman, must give a sense of delight and deep satisfaction to all Britons. This has been the most elusive of all athletic targets since the Greeks organised the original olympiads, and over the years men have striven to achieve what was once regarded as the impossible. That an Englishman should be the first to run a contested mile race in less than four minutes is also not without significance. Despite the so-called decline of Britain and her people (due, according to the apologists, to the strains and stresses of two world wars) she has still been able to bring off quite a few important "firsts" of international importance during recent years. Britain was the first to establish a commercial jet airline service; the first to fly a jet bomber on a non-stop two-way Atlantic flight; it was a British team of mountaineers, together with Sherpa Tenzing, which first climbed to the summit of Everest. These accomplishments are not recalled in any sense of boasting, but they do show, as does Roger Bannister's great performance, that Britain as a nation and Britons as individuals still retain the pioneering flair. There is also this to be noted about Bannister's achievement: while it has all the appearance of being an individual performance, the breaking of the world's mile record was, in fact, a team show. For Bannister to cover the distance in 3:59.4 it required Chris Brasher to set a cracking pace at the start and for Chris Chataway to keep on pacing Bannister after the first stringer had dropped out of the race. The final triumph was Bannister's, but he owed as much to his running mates as did Hillary and Tenzing to their colleagues in the conquering of Everest. It is right and proper to praise prowess, but in doing so it is becoming to acknowledge the contribution which team spirit invariably makes to the realisation of targets and the creation of new records.

DIEN BIEN PHU'S LAST HOURS

Fragmentary Reports Reveal Final Drama

GEN de CASTRIES' PHONE GOES INTO SILENCE

London, May 8. Strict military censorship last night still withheld any detailed description of the last hours of the fortress of Dien Bien Phu and its fall before the onslaught of the Indo-China Vietnamese rebels. But fragmentary despatches heavily delayed and received out of order from Reuters correspondent, Denys Corley Smith, gave these glimpses of yesterday's action. They disclose the use of a new Chinese multi-rocket weapon, the "Peking Organ."

Each of the following paras represents a fragmentary message:

Hanoi, May 7. The Vietminh continued their all-out offensive against all Dien Bien Phu outposts except the southernmost. French Union forces began to feel munitions shortage...

The rebels overran half of two eastern positions where General Christian de Castries is counter-attacking. The garrison is holding fast...

A general Communist attack on the centre of the fortress has struck with extreme violence...

A French officer described the situation as "critical" because of the ammunition shortage. He said the beleaguered forces consist of 12 infantry battalions, four artillery batteries, about 10 light tanks plus various services...

An officer said the French Air Force cannot support the ground forces. Fighting is at such close quarters that it is impossible to strike the Vietminh without hitting the defenders at the same time...

Fighting continued throughout daylight hours. The Vietminh driving deeper into the north-eastern defences are using a new Chinese 10-barrel multi-rocket weapon called a "Peking Organ." It resembles the "Stalingrad Organ" used by the Russians in the second world war...

The French garrison has lost all high ground...

The Vietminh have had very heavy losses in men. Since last Monday's attack they had buried trenches closer to the perimeter on all sides of the fortress. Last night their mortars began to pound General de Castries' trench works working up to a crescendo by eight o'clock. Two hours later the Vietminh, who had crawled as close as they could to the French outposts, rose in thousands from their trenches and charged screaming into the attack...

Fighting is the bitterest since the Dien Bien Phu battle began...

A Paris despatch told of the last live word out of the fortress itself.

General de Castries spoke on the radio telephone to the

French High Command in Hanoi and his last words—according to a well-informed source—were these:

"They are a few metres away, now they are everywhere..." After that there was only static on the telephone.—Reuters.

BACKS TO THE WALL

Hanoi, May 7.

Fighting with their backs almost literally to the wall, the Franco-Vietnamese defenders of Dien Bien Phu's shrinking perimeter today had only about half a mile in which to manoeuvre to prevent the Vietminh "pinchers" from snapping together from east and west.

The fighting is now the most violent and desperate of the whole of the campaign to save the entrenched camp. It centres in Brigadier General Christian de Castries' Command Post under the shell-pocked earth.

After a heavy artillery preparation on Thursday evening, the Vietminh poured out of the trenches only a few dozen yards from the French positions and hurled themselves against the outposts which held about a company of French troops.

The Vietminh attackers outnumbering the French ten to one blew up the last of opposing barbed wire defences and then hacked their way with knives and grenades towards General de Castries' headquarters. Throughout Thursday afternoon large scale Vietminh troop movements were seen on the camp's eastern flank.

Taking advantage of the fine weather, General de Castries asked the French Air Force to carry out a heavy bombardment on the rear of the Vietminh positions east and north-east of his command.

HEAVY BARRAGE
Towards 8 p.m. (local time) a barrage was put down on the three north-east and east support points. The Vietminh

gunners were "saturating" the posts with the 105 and 120 millimetre guns, their 81 mortars and their rocket launchers. Their shelling heaving under the sound of enemy shells.

General de Castries' men awaited the inevitable Vietminh onslaught. About 8 p.m. their positions in the south-west of the outpost were also attacked.

Then at 10 p.m., a perfectly synchronised attack was launched from the east and south-east. The weather was overcast and in utter darkness Vietminh Commander, General Nguyen Giap, threw his human waves of troops into the furnace, regardless of loss.

Giap's men made their greatest effort against the south-west support point, which was overwhelmed about 2 a.m. The fighting went on meanwhile in the half-captured south-east point and to the north-east.

General de Castries launched a counter-attack. He succeeded in reaching a third support point to the north-east and was able to strengthen the tiny hard pressed garrison. The situation, however, was regarded as extremely serious while the results of the fighting on the eastern flank remained in doubt.

The Vietminh's new gains brought them within grenade range of most of the dozen or so support points still in French hands.

The Vietminh were also digging their approach trenches more rapidly and had almost reached the "street square."

The problem of parachuting supplies was getting more precarious too. The recovery of containers which fell in enemy territory was a costly business for the exhausted French defenders who had to run the gauntlet of the Vietminh's automatic weapons.—France-Press.

TODAY is your
LAST CHANCE
to nominate Hongkong's
Footballer Of The Year
SEE PAGE 17

Indo-China Talks Beginning Today

Geneva, May 7. Britain, France and the United States agreed here tonight to try to start the postponed Indo-China peace talks here tomorrow, French delegation sources said.

But a final decision would be taken tomorrow morning after M. Georges Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, had received reports of tonight's Cabinet meeting in Paris on the Indo-China situation after the fall of Dien Bien Phu.

Tonight's decision here was reached in talks held separately between General Walter B. Hall, Smith, leader of the American delegation, Mr. Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, and M. Bidault.

After further talks tomorrow M. Bidault is expected to approve the Soviet delegation to settle the opening arrangements of the peace talks.

There was no meeting of the "Big Three" tonight as had been foreshadowed by the French spokesman earlier. General Bedell Smith had a 20-minute talk with Mr. Eden and then called on M. Bidault. It was assumed in the Western delegations here that the Communist side would agree to meet on Indo-China tomorrow if it is proposed by the West.—Reuters.

AT LAST AN ADMISSION!

Geneva, May 8. Three United States citizens are being held by the Peking Government because they have "violated the laws of the People's Republic of China," a Chinese Communist spokesman said here last night.

Their case is under examination by the Government," the spokesman said. He declined to say if they would be brought to trial.

The Americans are Mr. Donald Dixon of New York city, a correspondent, Mr. Richard Applegate of Medford, Oregon, another correspondent, and Captain Ben Kramer of Brooklyn, New York, a merchant marine officer. They were detained when Mr. Applegate's 15-ton yacht was intercepted by an armed boat on March 21, 1953, while sailing from Hongkong to Macao.—Reuters.

Laniel's Govt May Fall

Paris, May 7. The fall of Dien Bien Phu cast a cloak of gloom over Paris today and at the same time, probably sounded the death knell of the Laniel Government, which only yesterday obtained a substantial vote of confidence in the Parliament in order to enable it to continue negotiations at Geneva.

When Premier Laniel announced the news to a hushed Assembly, there were no demonstrations and members of Parliament were disinclined to indulge in incriminations at this stage.

At the same time, some voices were already raised to demand a change in the leadership of the country.

General Pierre Billotte, disident Gaullist leader and one time French military representative at the United Nations, said in the lobby: "I hope the Government will have the decency to disappear. This is a time for new men and for national union in the face of adversity. We ought without delay to constitute a government going from the Socialists on the right to the Gaullists on the right."

M. Laniel's statement in the Assembly that the fall of Dien Bien Phu would not lead to any change in the instructions given to the French delegation at Geneva and that no settlement would be accepted by France unless it safeguarded French troops and French interests was approved by those who heard the Premier.

But some anxiety was being expressed lest the fall of the garrison laid France open to further military setbacks in Tonking.

M. Jean Letourneau, who was Minister for Indo-China for three years up until 1951 said: It must not be forgotten that the loss of Dien Bien Phu, however painful, does not create any immediate strategic danger elsewhere in Indo-China.

"The Vietminh forces have suffered heavy losses and furthermore the rainy season has begun."

"While there is no danger of the loss of Dien Bien Phu being exploited strategically in Indo-China there is a danger of its being politically exploited at home."—Reuters.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1
Flying Dutchman
Lady Gloucester
Silver Dahlia
Outsider:—Tune-phone.
RACE 2
Balsam
Advancement
Hawker Hunter
Outsider:—Golf.
RACE 3
Tip Top
Congratulation
Mainsail II
Outsider:—Yat Kwong.
RACE 4
Geronimo
L'Arc Triomphe
Supreme Command
Outsider:—Diamond Dahlia.
RACE 5
Miami Beauty
Czarina Delight
Invincible
Outsider:—National Glory.
RACE 6
Knock-again
Bengal Lancer
Strathian
Outsider:—Jingle Bell.
RACE 7
Ambition
Chinese Mackerel
World Peace
Outsider:—Golden Dahlia.
RACE 8
Armament
Fleetmaster
V. I. P.
Outsider:—Pearl Diver.
RACE 9
Hallmark
Tom Thumb
English Cabbage
Outsider:—Lily.
RACE 10
High Speed
Air Power
Blue Bird
Outsider:—Fleeting Moment.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1
No Regrets
Silver Dahlia
Flying Dutchman
Outsider:—Tune-phone.
RACE 2
Balsam
Advancement
Hawker Hunter
Outsider:—Susan.
RACE 3
Congratulation
Mainsail II
Bayshore
Outsider:—Sunstreak.
RACE 4
Geronimo
Cinderella
Lake Success
Outsider:—L'Arc Triomphe.
RACE 5
South Pacific
Czarina Delight
Miami Beauty
Outsider:—Rosemarie.
RACE 6
Jingle Bell
Bengal Lancer
Knock-again
Outsider:—Strathian.
RACE 7
Ambition
World Peace
Home Builder
Outsider:—Chinese Mackerel.
RACE 8
Pearl Diver
V. I. P.
Fleetmaster
Outsider:—Armament.
RACE 9
Tom Thumb
Hallmark
Lily
Outsider:—Harmony.
RACE 10
Every Day
Allied Victory
Outsider:—High Speed.

President Being Held Under Arrest

Buenos Aires, May 7. Air passengers arriving from Paraguay tonight reported that the 74-year-old deposed President, Federico Chaves, was under arrest.

The Army commander-in-chief, General Alfredo Stroemer, apparently is in control of the situation but some of the Army units who revolted on Tuesday are still holding out, the arrivals said.

They came in the first regularly-scheduled flying-boat to leave Asuncion, the capital, since the revolt. They said that the situation as it appeared on the surface when they took off from Asuncion at 11 a.m. No police were visible in the city streets and it was understood all members of the police force were detained in the naval barracks. Earlier reports indicated there might be a general strike in the revolt-torn Republic.—United Press.

Ex-Cricketer On Murder Charge

Kington, Jamaica, May 7. Leslie G. Hyton, 49, former Jamaica and West Indies fast bowler, will appear in court on Monday, charged with the murder of his wife.

The body of his wife, the daughter of a police inspector, was found with five bullet wounds at their home yesterday. The seven-year-old son was asleep in another room.

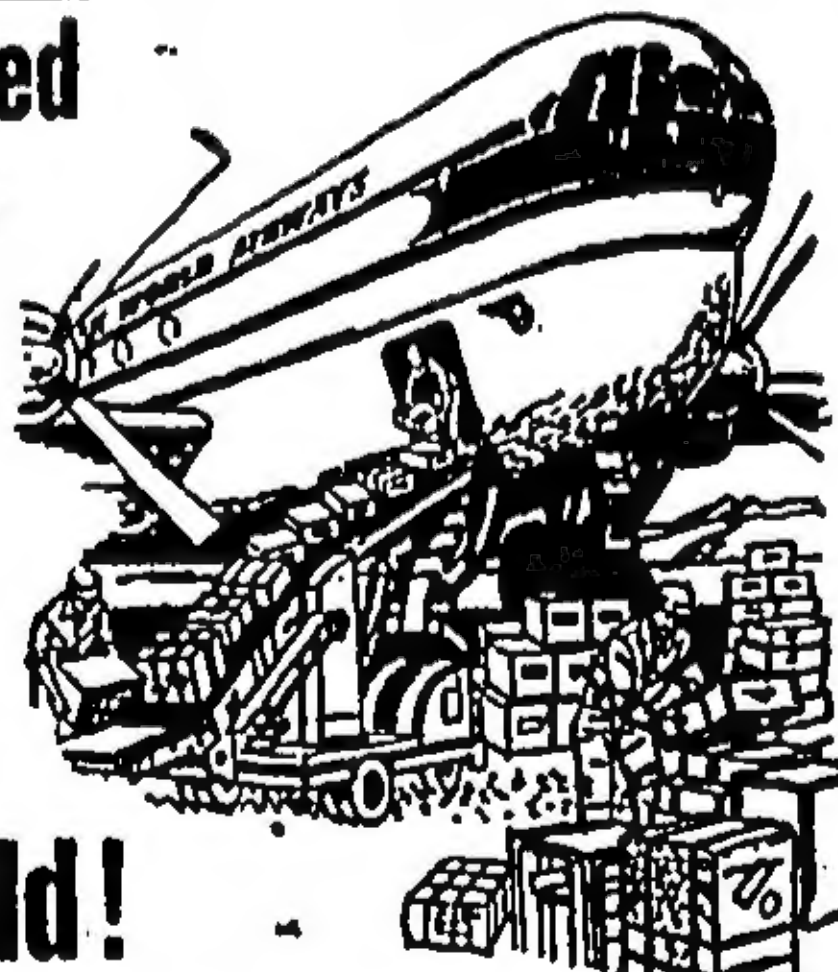
Hyton played against Lord Tennyson's English team in 1927, against England at home in 1935 and he toured England with the West Indies team in 1939.—China Mail Special.

PLANE CRASHES

Nassau, Bahamas, May 7. A US Navy Neptune bomber crashed today off the coast of New Providence Island while on anti-submarine exercises. Officials feared all of the crew of 10 were killed.

The plane was one of a group of 10 stationed near Nassau for three weeks of air and sea manoeuvres.—United Press.

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Atomic Pioneer Says H-Bomb Is The End Of The Age

London. When Prof. Frederick Soddy heard that the hydrogen bomb had been exploded he exclaimed: "Well, that puts the lid on it."

He was interviewed at seaside Brighton where he lives so quietly in retirement that even his neighbours scarcely know he is the man who started the atomic age.

The greatest scientific honours, including the Nobel Prize, are behind him now and Dr Soddy likes to amuse himself with abstract mathematics or just watch the sea.

At 75 he feels he has earned this calm after a life of pioneering a new science.

"It's the end of the age," he said of the H-bomb. "I must go to the movies to see the film of the American explosion."

Tall, grey, alert with a fabulous memory for long ago names and places, Soddy denied a legend that he experimented with radioactivity because a girl stood him up on a date 54 years ago and he bought some radium to while away that night in his laboratory.

"I was walking along Martine Street in 1903," he said, when I saw an advertisement for some radium in a dentist's window. With it I was able to prove that helium could be produced by transmutation.

"I was working with Sir William Ramsay then. But earlier Rutherford and I showed that thorium under radioactivity gave off Argon. We were lucky

—we hit it on our very first shot. So you can say I started the atomic age."

Soddy used to advocate political unification of Europe out: "The hydrogen bomb has ended all that. There can't be any war with a weapon like it, no matter what the military men and politicians pretend."

He added strictly as an opinion that the calculations for the bomb, which could wipe out all living matter on earth, were apparently well along. —United Press.

Asking A Lot

Madrid, Oklahoma. Marcella Locke, Chairman of the Convention of Oklahoma Business and Professional Women's Club, instructed 300 delegates to "wear a hat you're tired of" to the opening convention session.

She said the hats would all be put on a table and everyone would be told to select another one. —United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



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It Took A Lady Otter To Do The Trick

Vancouver. The old axiom, "never underestimate the power of a woman," also applies to a lady otter in Vancouver's Stanley Park zoo.

Zoo officials are depending on her to do what they and an architect have failed to do.

The Gold Room

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Since last January, the Park zoo employees have been faced with the problem of keeping their otters before the public.

Despite the architect's designs for maximum staging in the new \$12,000 otter pond, and applied animal psychology by zoo attendants, the otters remain anti-social.

The first furry underwater dwellers placed in the pond took advantage of a high centre-placed abstract runway to leap from it over the fence and away to Vancouver Island where they were originally caught.

Three more otters were brought to the pond.

Zoo employees attempted to do what the famed psychologist Pavlov learned about conditioned reflexes. Pavlov rang a bell before a dog in the presence of food. The food resulted in salivary action on the part of the dog. The food is taken away and the bell was rung again. The dog salivated.

NOT FOOLED

The zoo people put the otters in a special service yard. There they soon began to get accustomed to the keepers, who by now thought the otters had lost their fear of people.

The otters were put back into the pond for public view. But unlike Pavlov's dog, the otters weren't fooled. Placed in the pond they immediately disappeared into their holes when people arrived.

The otters were taken back to the service yard for a refresher course. But this also failed to show the desired results.

Recently, a lady otter was brought to the pool, and apparently due to the greater exhibition tendency of the female of the species, she began to overcome shyness.

Zoo keeper Alan Best hopes the other otters will take their cue from her. —United Press.

KICKING GONG AROUND

Milford, Conn. The board of education deliberated for hours on whether to use horns, bells or gongs in a new fire alarm system. After it agreed on gongs it was learned the plans called for horns. The board reconsidered and voted for horns. —United Press.

Facets Of Life In Spain Today

Madrid. Since the Columbus epic rebounded and America "discovered" Spain and set up bases here, the natives have been rushing to learn English. But in the midst of Spain's anti-British "return Gibraltar" campaign "learn English" advertisements look like high treason. So one language school bought a lot of newspaper space to assure that English is the language of 150,000,000 Americans, 14,000,000 Canadians, 8,000,000 Australians. The 50,000,000 English weren't mentioned.

The first to suffer from the arrival of the Americans and the jet age are the Spanish scorpions. As American officials pour into the capital to organize bases, wage demands of Spanish servant girls have stepped up correspondingly. Girls, previously content with 200 pesetas a month, now are asking 400 pesetas (five and 10 dollars respectively.) It's peanuts to the Americans but hard for Spanish housewives on a lower budget. No maid would mean no fiesta.

Summer comes early to Spain, and bathing beaches soon will be out in strength on fashionable Costa Brava and Cantabrian coast. But there will be no bikinis, no bare midriffs. Church and police—tinted watchdogs of public morals—are agreed that when you're not in France don't do as the French do. It's a case of one piece or no piece.

NEW HEART-THROB
Newest heart-throb among the bullfighters is Angel Peralta. He fights the bull from horseback—a highly specialized art.

Because he's in such demand Peralta travels round countryside in a specially prepared truck. In the back go his three horses. In a middle compartment is a room fitted out with four bunks for Peralta and his three assistants. In a third compartment rides the bull he's going to kill.

Some belligerent non-smokers are going to attempt to succeed where publicity about lung cancer, the rising cost of tobacco and New Year resolutions have failed. Sometime in May there will be formed in Madrid an anti-smokers' league determined to eliminate once and for all the "noxious weed."

POW STRIKE

It's an old wives tale to say that Spaniards don't work. There are lots of them slogging away 12 hours and more a day to keep economically afloat. But if there's a reasonable way to dodge a job the Spaniard will find the loophole. It's as hard to find a Spaniard male who has ever washed a dish as it is to find an American male who hasn't.

So it wasn't surprising to see returning members of the Blue Division stake the claim that it was Spanish officers who led a strike in POW camps to protest Russian attempts to make officers do manual labour. According to the Spaniards, tough blonded German colonels were hoeing away in the fields when a small group of Spanish officers arrived at one camp. "We are Spanish officers and we will not do manual labour," they said. And they didn't.

Spain's art centre—the Prado—one of the world's most famous galleries is going to be enlarged. Funds have been approved to give the Prado 10 more showrooms.

ODDITIES
If you go to the theatre in Spain you are expected to laugh. Some 85 per cent of all new plays are comedies—Plans to turn the Gran Via, Madrid's gayest, most illuminated thoroughfare, into a one-way traffic street have been called off—Latest thing in headgear is a hat of torchglobes illuminated by a battery for girls making their first Holy Communion—Newest faces round about are the latest members of the National Football Federation. After Spain was beaten in the world cup football elimination series, out went the old kang lock, stock and barrel.—United Press.

Begging Becomes Unethical

Madrid. The begging profession, which hitherto had its own particular brand of dignity, has become unethical, police officials reported and a clean-up campaign is under way.

According to police, begging in Madrid has become a highly remunerative business. Collections have soared ever since the "professionals" got the bright idea of hiring "assistants."

The "assistants" are anywhere from three to seven years of age. The bright idea is to play upon the sentiments of by-passers. It works out very well and no one has complained but the cops.

The new racket works this way:

The "pro" first gets in touch with needy parents of large families. These are not difficult to find in Madrid or elsewhere in Spain. Then the "pro" makes his proposition. Twenty pesetas a day for the hire of one raggedy, skinny, pale, filthy, dishevelled male or female kid. The more scrawny and sick looking the better the price. A club-footed or sore-infested youngster will fetch an additional ten to 15 peseta bonus. All fees are payable to parents in advance.

WORK NOT HARD

Once the transaction is completed the kid goes to work. The work may be boring and tiresome but it is not hard. It is more like acting than anything else and children usually like pretending. The kid, now a bona fide assistant, is taught to play his part. He learns how to beg, whine and cajole. He is taught to limp and hobble if able to walk normally. He acquires the begging trade's mannerisms. He is stamped with that hurt sweet-sad look of a cocker spaniel that has just been paper thrashed by its master.

The "pro" meanwhile forgers for himself but always within sight of his "assistant." He makes a mental note of each and every by-passing sentiment and every passing sentiment.

Police argue that Spaniards and tourists especially are notoriously sentimental people. "The money really rolls in but it is awfully dishonest to make a living that way. Besides, it is a bad thing to abuse charity of people. What would they say if they knew it was a policeman said.—United Press.

Deserved Title

Oporto, Portugal. Jose Fonseca devoured 60 cooked eggs, three litres of wine, a bottle of beer, a pound of bread and several soft drinks at one sitting to win the official title of Portugal's "King of Eaters." He said he didn't have the slightest trace of indigestion.—United Press.

LEE THEATRE WORLD

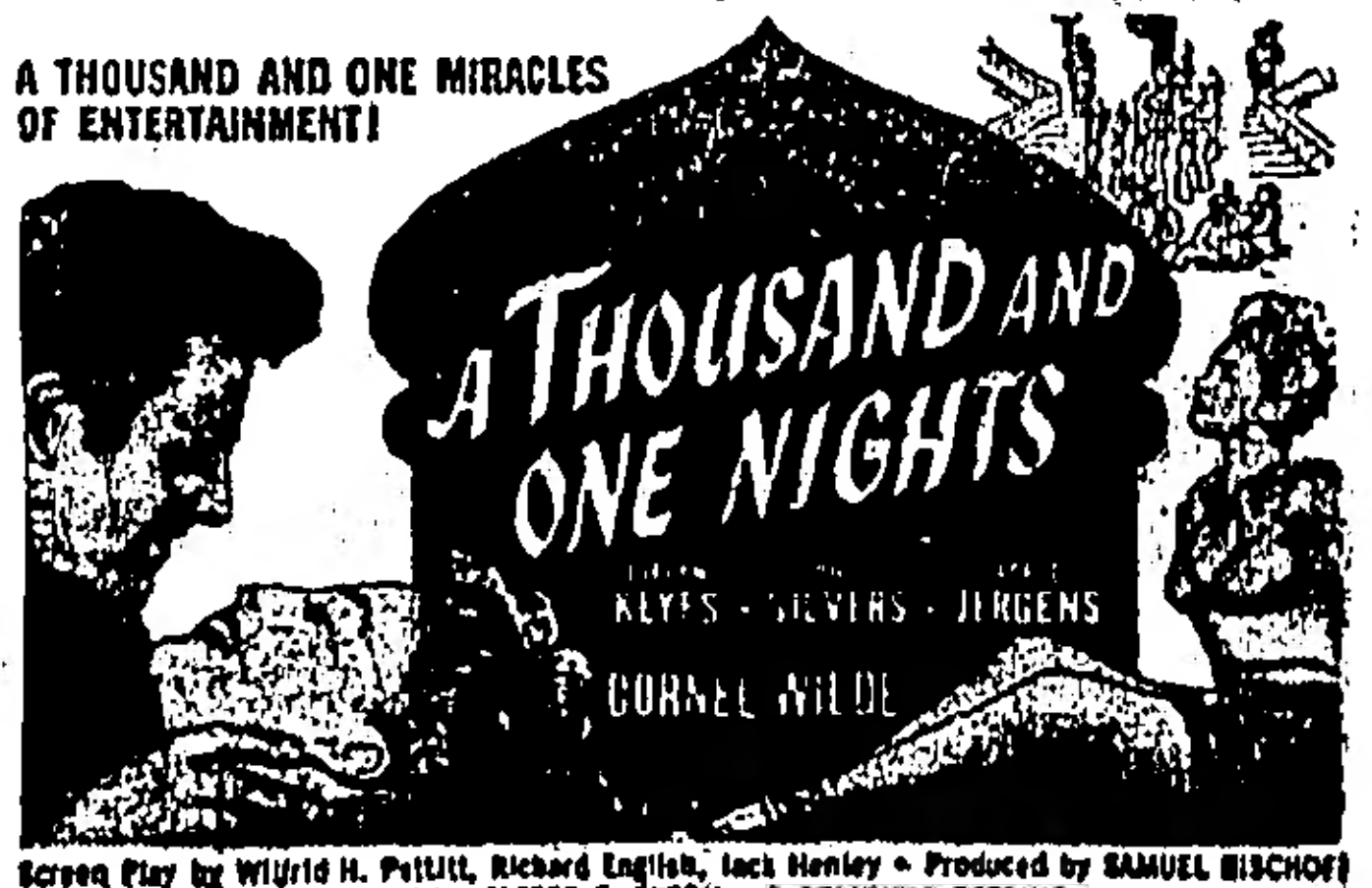
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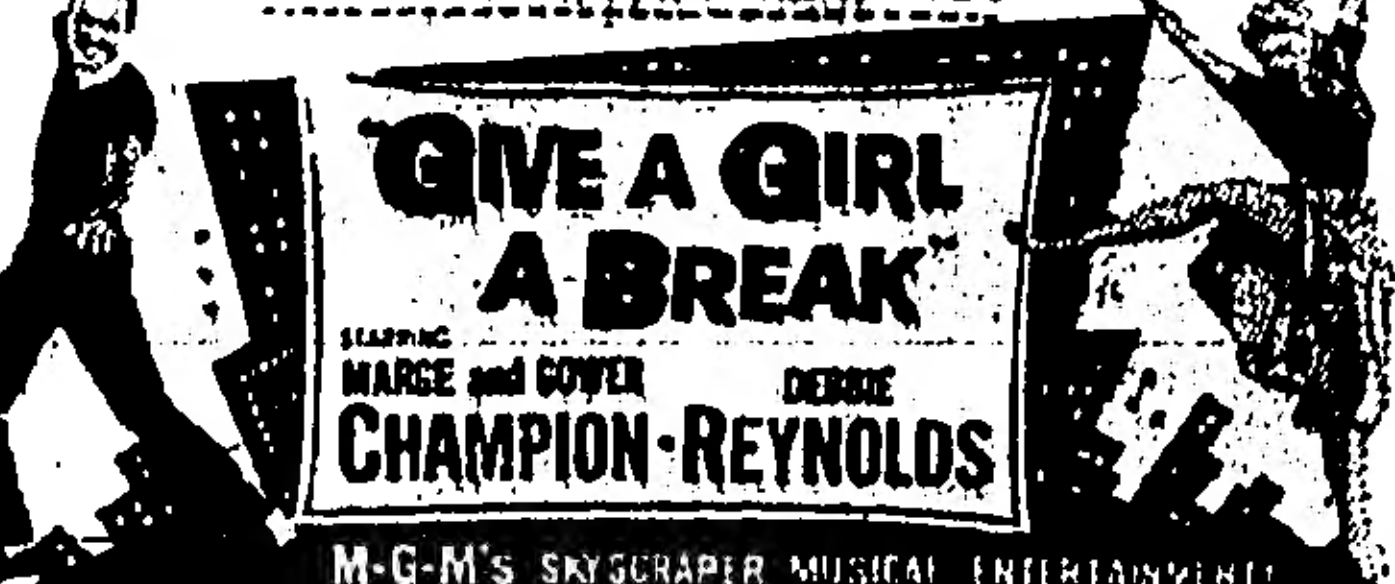


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Walt Disney's **TECHNICOLOR CARTOON** "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS"

Added Short Subject "NATURE'S HALF ACRE"

In Technicolor Presented by RKO Radio
Reduced Admission — \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70c.

A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
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• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



IN the beautiful grounds of Arundel Castle, Sussex, the home of the Duke of Norfolk, the 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, recently received its new Colours from Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. Her Majesty having a closer look at the Colours after the ceremony. (Army News).

RIGHT: Princess Margaret dancing with the Duke of Beaufort at a ball at Weston Birt, Gloucestershire. The Princess was a guest of the Duke for the Olympic horse trials. (Express).



A group of the "Glorious Glosters," some of them veterans of the Korean war, looking over locomotive No. 5017, which has been named after their Regiment, at Gloucester Central Station.



ACTRESS Constance Smith arriving at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, for the first night of the play, "Teahouse of the August Moon." Miss Smith wears a Chinese dress of lime green satin embroidered with gold. (Express).



GROUP Officer Jean Conan Doyle, youngest child of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (creator of Sherlock Holmes), who has become Inspector of the Women's Royal Air Force. The new post does not carry any higher rank or pay, but calls for a lot of travel. (Express).



THE object of their admiration is a miniature railway with traffic in full swing. A study in expressions made at the Model Railway Exhibition in Central Hall, Westminster. (Express).

LEFT: Arrival of England cricketers at Avonmouth, Bristol. Len Hutton, the team captain (left) and his wife say goodbye to Trevor Bailey in the Customs shed. The team drew the Test series with West Indies. (Express).



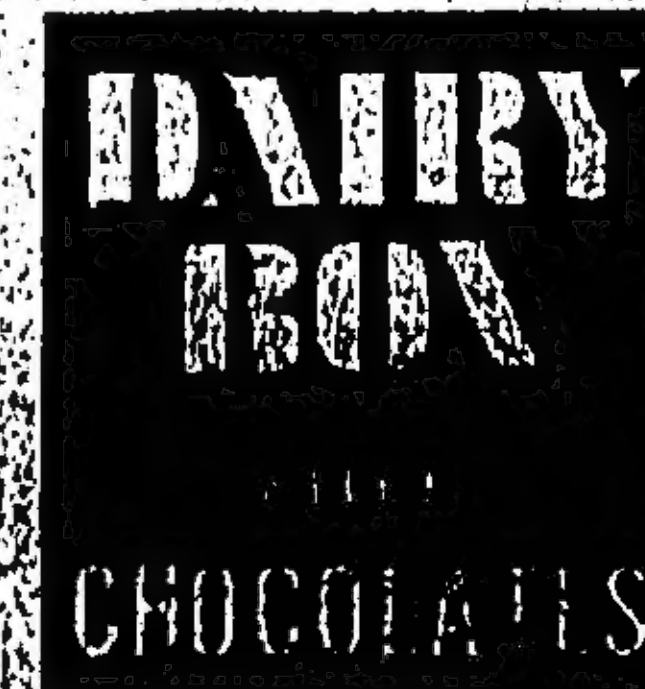
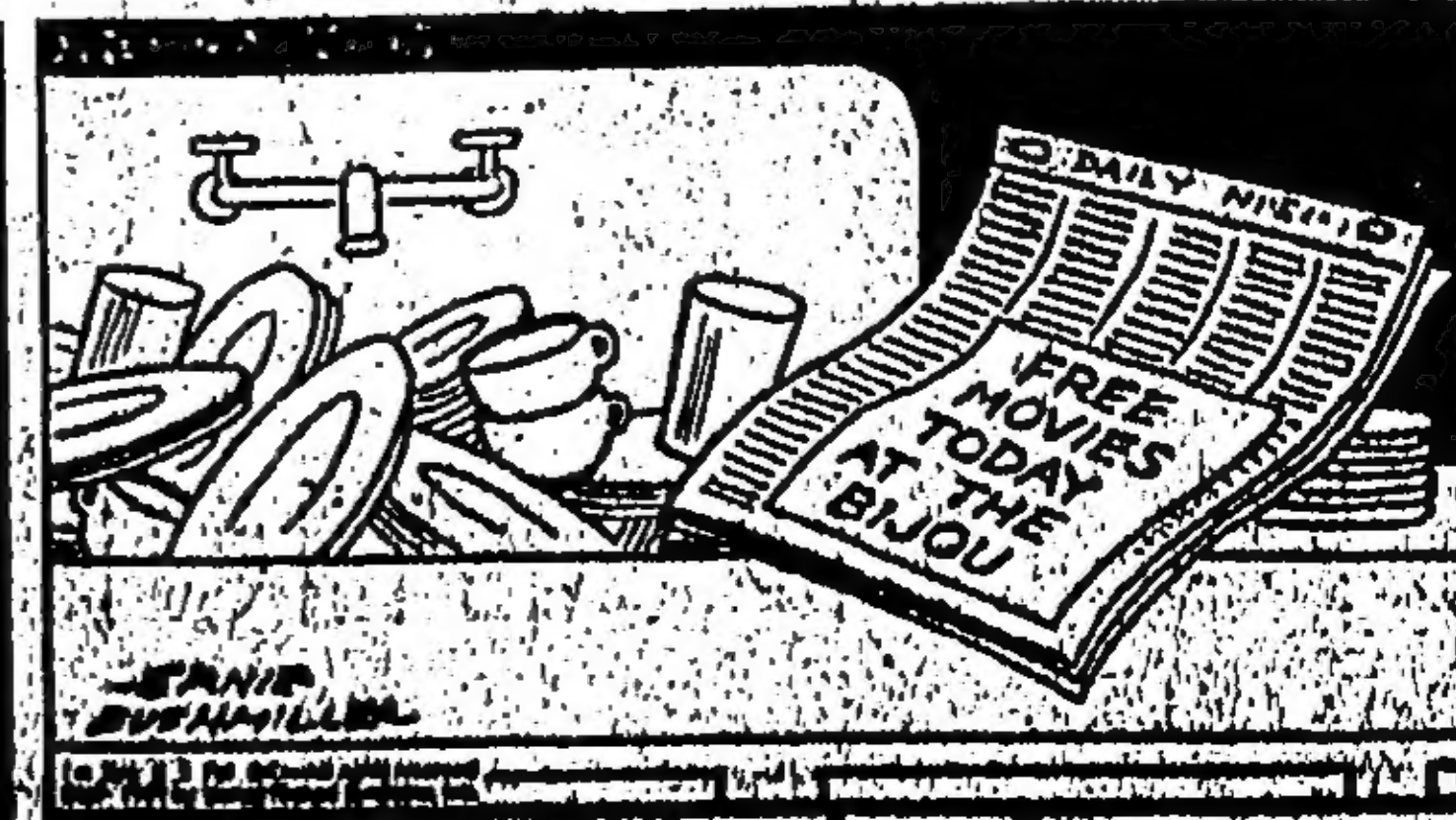
AUSTRALIAN-BORN Sadler's Wells ballerina, Elaine Field, who is married to John Lanchbury, the conductor, photographed with her 10-day-old daughter, Margaret Selina. (Central).



DENNIS PRICE, 38-year-old film star and stage actor, who was found unconscious in a gas-filled room in Kensington recently. He was revived and taken to hospital. (Express).

LOWER LEFT: Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, VC, prepares some of the exhibits in the armoury of Penshurst Place, his Kent home, before throwing open the 14th century "stately home" to visitors. Visitors were first admitted 131 years ago. (Express).

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BUSINESS ON THE SWING-UP

From Donald Ludlow

NEW YORK. AMERICA'S businessmen have good news for President Eisenhower.

The businessmen are cheerful — and it's always been an axiom of the President's advisers that only by "thinking slumps" will a real recession develop.

The authoritative Wall Street Journal has just completed a survey of 230 bankers and businessmen from Boston to Los Angeles, and found them in buoyant mood. Any doubts they have had for 1954 are rapidly vanishing before the healthy sales charts.

And the most buoyant of all are those key men — the builders. Easter-to-get mortgage money has started a surge in private home buying. Many builders claim their programmes will be even bigger than last year. "We're selling them off the foundations," is their cheerful boast.

There's a marked pick up, too, in factory and office building. One great building company, the F. W. Dodge Corporation, estimates that contracts for all kinds of construction will run at \$1,200,000,000 this month, a record and twenty percent above last year.

MORE TRADE

The United States Chamber of Commerce expects that commercial construction in 1954 will rise at least ten percent over last year's \$2,200,000,000. In city after city the big stores, first to feel the pinch when the purse strings are tightened, report steadily increasing business after the January lull. Though not so good as last year, trading has been good compared with other years and gives ample ground for confidence.

Manufacturers, reporting better trade than last year, include electric motors, office furniture, road building equipment, radios and gramophones. The giant Westinghouse Electric says it is doing six percent better business with all its major appliances.

The Radio Corporation of America is selling twice the number of air conditioners. It did a year ago and its electric stoves are moving as fast as they can be produced.

Even the car market is leaving the doldrums, with prices for second hand cars beginning to firm. And the makers believe the Spring trade has not really begun to work yet. "Wait till next month when the businessmen start coming in to finance their main programmes. Most of them have let stocks run down so far they have got to rebuild or get out of business. And they've no intention of doing that, we can assure you."

CHINESE VALUE COCKS' EGGS

By Tony Motta

RECENTLY, a news agency reported that a cock in Tetuan, after "ruling the roost since his early days," began to adopt a hen-like manner — and finally took to laying yolkless eggs.

Although still a rarity, this egg-laying cock, owned by a Moroccan, Hamed Ben Larbi, is only emulating its ancestors, the first of which is recorded to have deviated from nature's path at Bale (Europe) as far back as 1474 A.D.

This latter bird, however, had the misfortune of ignoring the laws of nature in an unenlightened era, and was sentenced to death in a court on a charge of sorcery after laying its first egg!

In Tetuan, Hamed Ben Larbi has taken a very lenient view of his bird's wayward behaviour and allows the regular laying of yolkless eggs.

FOR BLINDNESS

But what does Larbi do with the eggs? Surely he does not eat them, for they are described by a Chinese medical authority as "smaller than those from hens, with a yellow head as white, slightly pink in colour, and used in medicine as a uterine sedative and to alleviate an attack of smallpox."

In China, at Kiu Pui Kiu, Fu To Lung, a Benedictine monk is said to have sold as much

as 50 birds to an old woman for a cock's egg.

When his extravagance was questioned by the old woman, he replied that the albumen of the egg was a remedy for long-standing blindness. Dropped into the eye, it would restore sight.

This medical evaluation of a cock's egg by the anonymous lama is said to have been corroborated by a famous Chinese scholar, Chi Hsiao-lan, of Chien Lung's reign, who recommended cock's eggs as very efficacious for eye troubles.

FIRST INSTANCE

The Erh Shen Yeh journal records that in the Ming dynasty, in the 23rd year of Cheng Huan, the first known instance of a cock laying an egg in China occurred at Wu Hsien.

A further report, in the year Jen-Yin, of Chien Lung's reign, had it that a cock laid a hen's egg (with yolk).

The test for a cock's egg, apart from the absence of the yolk, is that it will show amber when held to the light.

The Chinese Medical Journal states that "today people regard them as a strange phenomenon, not realising that they are natural and produced for the use of man."

Take heed, Hamed Ben Larbi, and all those who might be discarding cock's eggs as worthless freaks!



"Cigarette, anyone?"

London Express Service

That Champagne Feeling

You have seen it in just a few rare people. That gay and sparkling look. That bubbling love of living. THAT CHAMPAGNE FEELING. Perhaps you have envied these people who have it, and wondered about its secret? Then this new series, starting today, is for YOU.

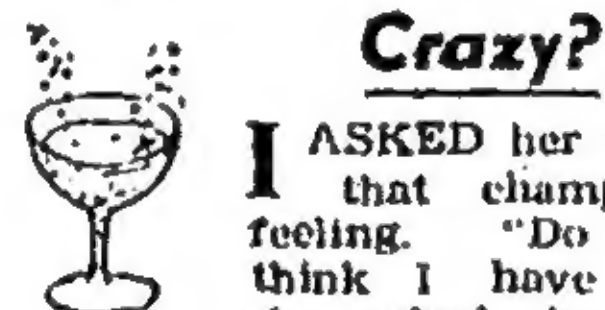
I'm broke, but oh, wonderfully free
says DOROTHY TUTIN

by DAVID LEWIN

DOROTHY TUTIN invited me out to the "balcony" — a plank of wood about six feet by four. It is fitted as a flap to the end of her houseboat-home — a converted landing craft — on the Thames near Battersea Bridge.

Two chains anchor the boat on either side. Beneath the "balcony," the water laps. Miss Tutin peered at the chains and said: "Do you think they're holding?" I said I believed they were, but retreated inside the cabin.

Miss Tutin, I thought, looked a trifle disappointed. "We might float away if the chains parted. That would be fun. And wouldn't this be a good place for tea in the summer?" She pointed to that tiny strip of wood.



Crazy?

I ASKED her about that champagne feeling. "Do you think I have it?" she asked in that gurgling, bobbing voice of hers. "Do you really? How nice. I never know. It might be the way I live."

The words came tumbling... "This houseboat, I don't get a peened-up feeling here. I went on holiday last year to the Scottish Isle of Arran and I looked at the sea and the wide sky and thought how wonderful it would be to be free."

"So when I came back to London I tried to bottle that holiday feeling when I was working. I bought this houseboat and furnished it. A thousand pounds. Now I'm broke—but I feel free."

"It is like scooping up a holiday and having it to come back to when the curtain is down at the theatre, and the play is over for the night."

"Does that sound crazy? You do see what I mean, don't you?"

I said I did. "Was it always this way?" I asked.

"Oh, good heavens, no. I wasn't a bit like this when I was at school. There, on that wall, you'll see what I was like then. Those two paintings. I did them 10 years ago."

'I believe'
I LOOKED at two sketches in drab grey colours. Their titles are "A Grave Fairy Tale" and "Survival." An air of gloom hung over them. One of them shows three gibbets and a shipwrecked sailor.

"I suppose I got that worried feeling out of my system with those paintings," said Dorothy Tutin, leaning about for matches to light my cigarette (she has given up smoking—although she smokes on stage in her play).

"And my music helped to make me feel happier. You lose worry in music."

She plays the flute, an instrument she mastered by lessons, some of them at Scotland Yard, given by a former constable, now a Metropolitan Police Band.

Through everything she does is this striking, sparkling exhilaration. "Does it come from the contact with an audience in the theatre?" I asked.

"No, I don't think it can," she said. "You see I haven't got enough experience to 'use' an audience properly yet. I just believe a part, then the brightness comes naturally. If sparks come off, it is not calculated."

She looked around the living room of her houseboat. "I'm buying antiques," she said. "From a wonderful shop in Putney." There was the gleam of a child in her eyes. "They're looking out for a rocking horse for me."

"A rocking horse..." she stopped at the question in my eyes. "Yes, I want a rocking horse so that I can rock against the rocking of the boat in the water. It would be fun—does that sound mad?"

The houseboat life—not quite earth-bound but attached to the land by a rickety plank—gives her immediate ease from worries. This adds up to that champagne feeling too.

"Yes see at night, when I'm worried, I sit out here and watch the boats go by. I realise people on them have problems too—bigger ones than mine. Then I know my worries aren't really worries."

AND THIS IS WHAT A DOCTOR SAYS
RELAX YOUR WORRIES AWAY
By Dr. Arthur Chesby

SO Dorothy Tutin believes she has found one of the secrets of that champagne feeling. I think she has.

"You see, when I'm worried I sit and watch the boats go by."

That is it. Worry is the world's most effective tranquillizer. It takes the natural effectiveness out of anyone. The answer? "Sit and watch the boats go by." Or as a doctor would put it, try to relax.

Worry and stress are the enemies of that champagne feeling. An ability to relax is the enemy of worry.

How do you relax? Doctors nowadays mean something special by "relaxation." It is their chief weapon against "stress diseases."

The aim is to relax the whole body. It needs practice.

Let down your shoulders, clothing and closed eyes—and

"And here you can't get agitated by the phone. There is no phone—and isn't that wonderful? If a thing is really important, people come down to see you. It isn't then it can wait."

"There is almost that Arran feeling of freedom about it."

Two friends came down through the hatch-way that is the front door.

"Oh good, you've come. I thought you might forget," said Dorothy Tutin with real joy.

—Not now
THE champagne sparkle was glistering. The houseboat was rocking. The drab schoolgirl pictures of 10 years ago were forgotten on the wall.

That is what the holiday feeling does for a successful actress. She says she is worried by success ("maintaining it is so difficult"), but she has learned to slip off her problems as effortlessly as the tide lifts her houseboat home.

AND THIS IS WHAT A DOCTOR SAYS
RELAX YOUR WORRIES AWAY
By Dr. Arthur Chesby

let yourself flop. Tense your left foot, relax it. Then your right foot.

Do this right up through your body—legs, thighs, tummy, shoulders, arms, hands, neck, brow, face. First tense each part (you must be aware of being tense before you can consciously relax), and then relax it.

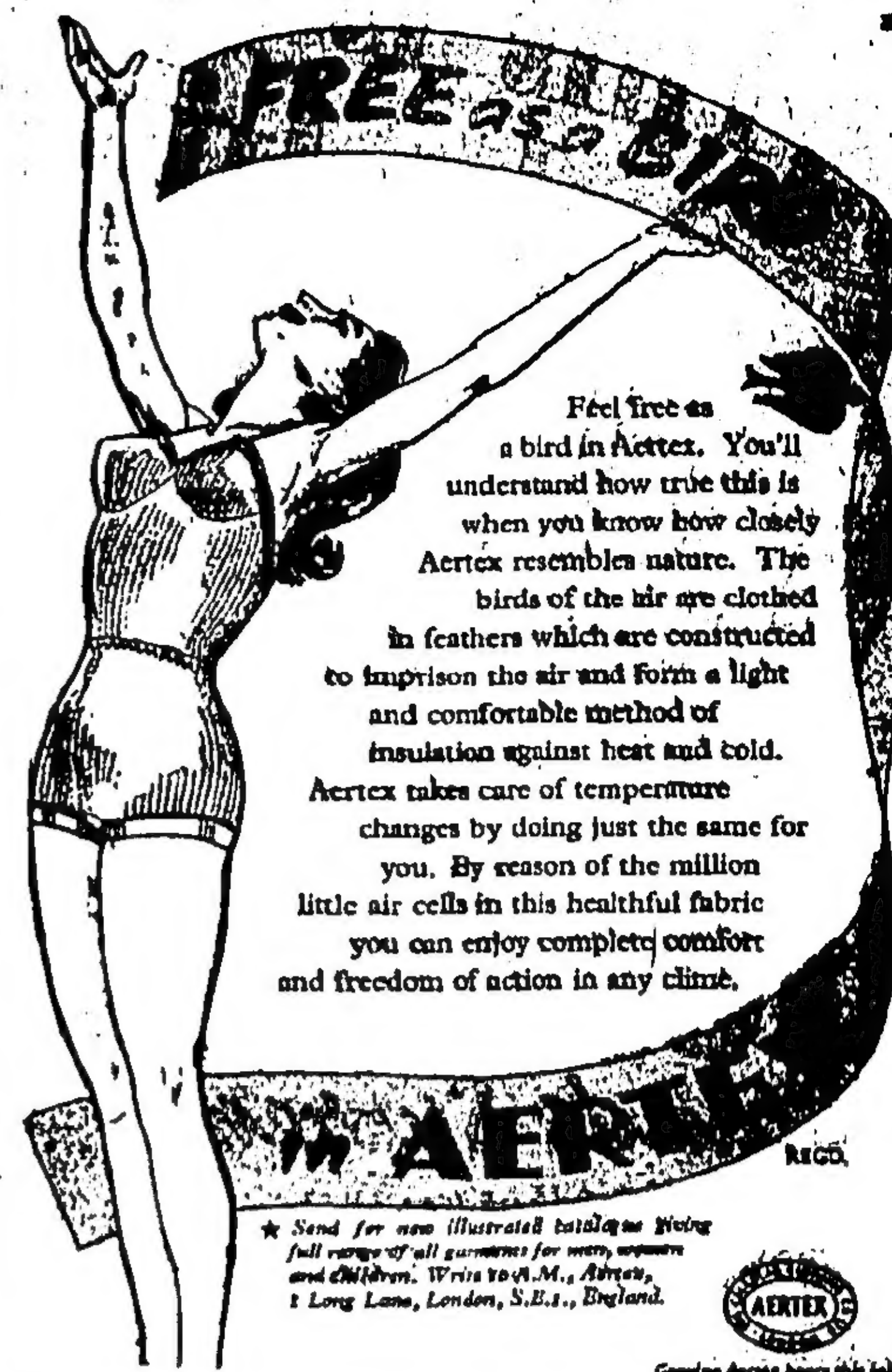
I promise you will be surprised to find how unconsciously tense you were. Try it every day, for a few minutes at first. Gradually you will learn to relax automatically, and to stay relaxed. Then you will be better off in every way, for the ability to relax is the secret of nearly all true success (ask any golfer—or actress).

And what else is that but the champagne feeling?

NEXT: Relaxing Now—
the best time to worry



THE CHAMPAGNE LOOK — the sparkling gaiety of a girl who has learned to love life. And the secret, for Dorothy Tutin, is in the fun and freedom of home in a houseboat.



AT LAST -
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Never needs fluffing • Costs only — \$34
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ANY OF THE LEADING FURNITURE STORES

TRADE ENQUIRES TO
DUNLOP RUBBER CO. (CHINA) LTD.

Presenting the Tudor Oyster Prince

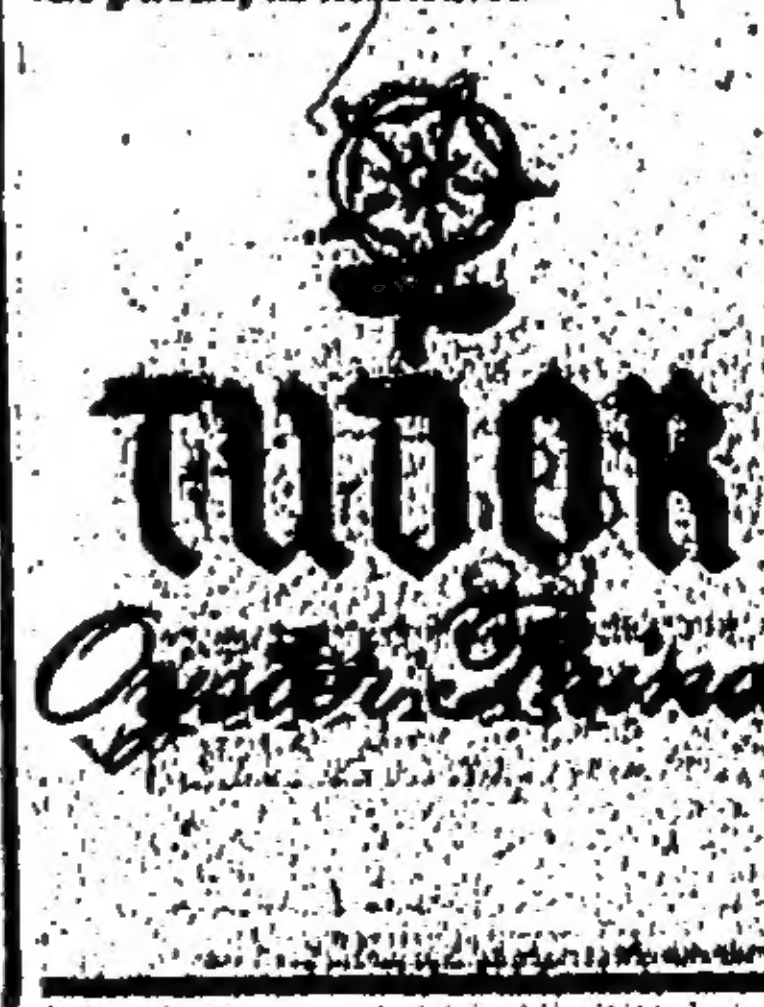
For the man whose pulse is modest, yet whose aspirations are high, Rolex of Geneva have specially commissioned the Tudor Oyster Prince.

In many respects, the amazing Tudor Oyster Prince matches the most expensive wrist-watches. For Rolex of Geneva have endowed this watch with the famous Oyster waterproof case and the infallible "rotor" self-winding mechanism.

Thus we have a magnificent watch, thoroughly waterproofed, automatically wound, yet priced at a moderate level.

Rolex of Geneva have submitted the Tudor Oyster Prince to the most rigorous tests ever devised for a self-winding wrist-watch. So impressive were the results of these tests, that it has been decided to make the subject of a world-wide advertising campaign. The first advertisement in this series is reproduced below.

For those of your customers who look for quality at a Rolex Festival, but lack the means to buy one, show them the Tudor Oyster Prince. In its field, this is undoubtedly the best watch Swiss skill and ingenuity have ever produced. It is related to the public, as illustrated.





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For best results with all pens... use Parker Quink

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Sole Agents: **SHIRHO (CHINA) LIMITED**
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WATERPROOF

You want your watch to be accurate...

ETERNA

yet you are going to expose it to all kinds of dangers: rain, soap-lather, dust, perhaps even perfume and powder — all these are deadly enemies of your watch and can prove fatal to the mechanism and oils inside it! It is a gruelling test. • That is why, if you prize accuracy above all, you must insist on a watch that is absolutely waterproof — only then can you be sure of lasting precision. • The Eterna waterproof guarantees enduring accuracy. • It is shock-protected, antimagnetic and completely impervious to damp and dust — thus it assures you of time-security under all the conditions of everyday life.



Sole Agents: **ED. A. KELLER & CO., LTD.**

KING PETER'S OWN STORY

Exiled from his country since World War Two, Yugoslavia's monarch tells in his own words the story of his eventful young life and colourful, though short, reign. The story opens today.

ANOTHER CHINA MAIL SATURDAY SPECIAL



A NEW PICTURE OF YUGOSLAVIA'S PETER

ONE cold, grey day in February 1952 I stood in St George's Chapel, Windsor, as millions paid their last homage to King George VI. I was thinking of his leadership in the grim days of the war, of his constancy and courage, and of his boundless friendship towards those exiled from their countries.

A great king lay dead. For me, personally, "Uncle Bertie" was dead.

I honoured and respected him for the advice and sympathy he had given me. I know that he, too, in his turn, had an affection for me.

It was impossible, standing in the chapel, to avoid recalling the death of my father, King Alexander I of Yugoslavia, murdered in the streets of Marseilles.

I saw myself as an 11-year-old boy following a coffin through the streets of our capital.

The assassin's bullet wrenched me from a happy childhood, to put me on the throne of a country which was at the very centre of the maelstrom of international politics.

Today I can only watch the rising tension between Tito and Russia, and share the fear of so many of my own countrymen that one day, perhaps not so far distant, the tension will become too great and another "incident" might precipitate a third world war.

My father was too moved to go into the room; it was my uncle who brought me and showed me to my father.

A boy! My father, relieved and happy, took me in his arms, remarking to my uncle that I looked like an older version of my grandfather, King Ferdinand of Rumania.

The traditional 101 guns were fired over Belgrade to announce the birth of the Crown Prince.

My christening closely coincided with another royal celebration. On the following day Uncle Paul was married to Princess Olga of Greece.

Old Custom

Uncle Bertie, then Duke of York, acted as proxy godfather on behalf of his father, King George V, and among other members of the family present were maternal grandparents King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Rumania, Queen Elizabeth of Greece and Princess of Rumania, my mother's sisters, and also her brother, Crown Prince Carol of Rumania.

It is an old Serbian custom that a bride should hold a young baby in her arms after her marriage ceremony. It was I who was held in the arms of Uncle Paul's wife.

I remember Nurse Bell, my first nanny. Her care was not very imaginative. Somehow I got tired of lemon juice, rice pudding, and what she called "pap." But she certainly succeeded in fattening me up: I was like a little balloon.

She taught me to say my prayers in English.

Only July 14, 1924, I went to England for the first time. Nurse Bell was eager to go to her home in Harrogate for a holiday, but my parents were unwilling to leave her. "Give me the baby," she said bluntly, "and I'll take him with me"—and so she did. This was much to the horror of many officials on both sides of the Channel, and I suspect they were well justified.

In London

In London we stayed in Claridges. We had several weeks in Harrogate. Nurse Bell took me to the local photographer, and couldn't resist revealing my identity. The news spread and a crowd soon gathered outside our hotel.

At the age of four I used to ride in a basket on a horse led by rein. One day the horse shied and tossed me into one of the palace garden rose-beds which had been freshly manured.

I cut my thigh and had to have anti-tetanus injections in my stomach. This incident put me off horse-riding for ever.

Probably, as a reaction, I later became very mechanically minded.

As a tiny boy, however, riding in motor cars either gave me hiccoughs or made me sick. It indeed seems that my stomach gave me a great deal of trouble.

Nurse Bell was replaced by Miss Crowther, also English, and known as "Crowdy." On doctor's orders, she made grapes, eaten whole, with skins and pips, the chief item of diet.

WITH the cunning of youth I sucked the grapes dry and tugged the skin and pips into the side of my mouth. Miss Crowther spotted the bulge in my cheek, and gave it a good press. I had to swallow the lot!

Another trick was to make myself sick whenever a dish was not to my liking. Miss Crowther, however, was always one step ahead. Whenever I was sick after a little milk or other pudding, she would wait patiently until the bout was over, and then make me eat a fresh lot.

She was no doubt a good and extremely capable woman, but I always considered her a bit overbearing. The palace staff never liked her much.

They resented the fact that I was educated by a foreigner, but she stayed on until after my father's death.

My brother, Tomislav was born when I was four years old.

I was told the universal story of the "stork" by my parents, and awaited the newcomer's appearance with curiosity.

My first toy motor car was given me as a Christmas present in 1927, and I found that the corridor in front of my father's study in the royal palace made a perfect race-track. My father tolerated the frightful clanking of the pedals for a while, but it was not long before I had orders to go elsewhere.

Indulgent as he was, he became really angry with me on occasions.

Once, wearied no doubt by his heavy duties, he suggested we should go for a walk together. When I flatly refused, he seized me, took my trousers down, and beat me soundly with his gold-handled walking stick.

When I was six we moved from the old palace in Belgrade to the new palace at Dedinje, a magnificent building on the top of a hill.

We children and our nurses occupied the small cottage built in the shape of a kidney.

The property was administered like a battleship, by two naval officers. There was a bakery, a carpenter's shop, a machine shop, and a general store which could supply anything from a needle to car spares, at cost price.

Our elegant Russian butler, Surka, boasted that he had been a general in the Imperial Army, though this was never proved.

Professor Kostic, headmaster of the King Peter I primary school in Belgrade, came every morning to the palace to instruct me.

He played the violin while I sang, but I fear my voice was never tuneful. In fact it croaked like a frog.

There was a secret door into my father's study. One pressed a button and a door of the bookcase opened into his library. I had watched him enter by this means once and thought I would copy him. I came in through the bookcase while he was engaged with an important visitor. I was told, very firmly, to get out.

There seemed to be buttons everywhere in his office. I remember pressing three, while he talked to someone, and being most gratified when he walked the Minister of Court and two A.D.C.s!

Typical Pose

My father was of medium height and very dark complexioned, like many Serbs. He was almost always in uniform, and always wore a pince-nez and stiff, high collars.

His manner of talking was very thoughtful and he was very kindly.

A typical pose of his was to sit with one hand over his stomach—like Napoleon, and, as with Napoleon, the cause was physiological. An attack of typhoid which had almost killed him in Albania had left him with constant digestive troubles. In spite of this, he was a great lover of food, being a great gourmet.

I remember one occasion when, after finishing his usual French style lunch, he announced, "Im hungry." What are the officers having?

He then had a second meal of Serbian dishes being served that day to his officers.

"And the servants, what are they having today?" A still simpler meal was brought before him which he ate with enjoyment. Needless to say he suffered for this banquet afterwards.

My Mother

My mother, Queen Marie — known to the family as "Mignon" — was a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She had been educated mainly in Rumania, but in the English way.

At the age of 19, she completed her education with a year at Heathfield School, near Ascot.

She was a calm and gentle person although on occasions she could be very strict. She was indulgent with the children. Her chief beauties were her lovely skin, her penetrating blue eyes, and her very long blonde hair. I was very sad when she eventually had it cut short.

Her driving was excellent and very fast; I never knew a better woman driver.

The King had a lot of shooting and fishing rights near Bled. Here Peter, aged 6, caught his first fish, a rainbow trout, a foot long.

A FEW days later my father was receiving the president and committee of the Slovenian Union of Fishing Clubs. He told me to tell how I had caught my first fish, and how big it was. I stretched out both arms as far as I could, but I caught my father's eye, blushed and gradually diminished the gesture to the real size.

They all roared with laughter, and the president said, "For that, my boy, you can join our club, for true fishermen always exaggerate."

During the summer holidays at Bled, my brothers and I often went to see our cousins Alexander and Nikl at Uncle Paul's chalet at Bokinj, about an hour's drive from Bled.

The chalet was on the shores of another lake surrounded by high mountains, not very far away from the source of the River Sava. It was an impressive sight to see the middle of a wall of solid rock about 800ft. high, and then tumble down into the lake through a canyon.

It was here that the Duke of Kent, who was staying at Prince Paul's guest at the time, met and became engaged to Princess Marina of Greece, youngest sister of Princess Olga of Yugoslavia.

King Alexander attended a royal military review at Blantira on his seventh birthday in 1930.

REPRESENTATIVE companies of all the Yugoslav regiments and the complete Belgrade garrison were assembled. All the regiments, which had previously carried their own individual flags, now bore the same one for the first time.

My father said: "Let us roll up our glorious old flags with firm hearts and deep reverence: they have served us well. Let this new flag I offer you be in the future the heroic standard of your regiments, around which you will unite."

When this parade ended I had a birthday lunch with my mother and father in the Marble Palace. Afterwards they took me down to the front entrance, where a lovely little electric car was standing.

Then I was taken behind the kidney-shaped cottage, where a magnificent miniature train was standing. It worked on steam — exactly like a real one, with an engine, tender, freight cars, and open coaches to sit in. This was a present of the Czech Government.

Hunting Lodge

I was eight years old before I paid my first visit to our hunting lodge at Han Plesak in Bosnia. It was situated on a high plateau which had been a battlefield during the first world war.

Guns, shells, and rusty Austrian helmets were to be found lying about in the forest — a fine loot for a child on holiday.

The immense virgin forests had also great attraction for me. There were fine stags, foxes, wolves, and quite a number of big bears. Whenever we went in the forest we had to be followed by a game-keeper with a rifle.

I remember our 1923 Rolls-Royce. I was allowed to sit next to the chauffeur and operate the petrol pump. The chauffeur, "Bozo," taught me almost everything there is to know about a car.

That winter all three of us brothers had whooping-cough. After a few days we enjoyed it very much, because one had no need to work.

I trained myself to continue the whooping noises long after the disease was over, and I took great pleasure in giving a scare to people either in the street, at school, or at the boys' skating club, by having fits of whooping-cough right in front of them, so that everybody was running away from me for miles.

My brother Tomislav's small, vital face was topped by a shock of dark hair.

He had an extremely nervous and energetic temperament and was vivacious and mischievous.

Scaring People

I PUT all this in a strong wooden box, lined with oil paper and sealed with pitch. I marked the outside of it with skulls, crossbones, pirate messages, and curses warning that any person opening the box would die a long and painful death. Then Mr Parrot and I swam to the end of the little cove early one morning, carrying the box and a torch.

I secured my treasure to one of the stone pillars, with a stout rope. I informed Mr Parrot that if he did not swear never to divulge the location I would be obliged to do away with him and leave his bones there to whiten. He swore solemnly never to tell.

It was to be four years before I returned to find my treasure again.

The main base and arsenal of the Royal Yugoslav Navy was situated at Tivat. There were always a few destroyers, sub-

Fortunately he later became very placid, easy-going and sociable as he is now.

Andrija, born a year after Tommy, was his complete opposite. He was a lanky, pale young fellow, with soft brown hair. He was a particularly "good" boy, and a keen and intelligent student.

His delicate health and thoughtful nature made him a real mother's darling. It seems that the extra care he received in early youth was either misplaced or a great success, as of the three of us he is now the toughest, biggest and tallest.

Both my brothers were educated in England, passing from Sandroyd Preparatory School to Oundle Public School, and on to Clare College, Cambridge, where they studied agriculture, and are now both farming in England.

In 1933 a Norwegian nurse-maid, Miss Ellen Matzow, came out to help Miss Crowther. She was only 22 and we called her "Smutza." I liked Ellen. When we went to Bled that winter she taught me to ski and took an active part in all my games.

This was quite a surprise! "I'd love to," I answered simply. My mother said: "We have decided to send you to Sandroyd School, at Cobham, in Surrey."

They had selected the school where my Auntie Bea's three sons (who is the infant's Benito of Spain) had been educated. The time was very short between this announcement and my departure. Looking back, I realise that those few days were hopelessly inadequate for me to learn all I needed to know about my father and his responsibilities.

A Cloud

In April 1934 my father rented a large hotel at Herceg Novi in the Bay of Kotor. Our train had two royal carriages of luxurious but old-fashioned comfort, which we had "inherited" from the Austrian Empire.

It was on this train that Archduke Franz Ferdinand made his fateful journey to Sarajevo.

A cloud appeared during that otherwise cloudless holiday. An English tutor, my father informed me, would be arriving in a week's time; his name was Cecil Parrot.

Andy got a serious infection. Tommy went down with the same ailment, and I followed. Mr Parrot arrived while I was convalescent. We soon became good friends. He impressed me as being a good sport.

I could hardly write English and was very bad at maths. We worked hard every morning and in the afternoons went out together in a boat looking for caves.

Prince Peter sailed a "Pirate" boat in the Bay of Kotor, which resembled a fjord, bordered by rocky mountains. He flew the Jolly Roger. He found a large, beautiful cave leading to another cave, reached only by swimming. Wanting to bury some treasure, he collected a lot of coins, a clock and some artificial jewellery.

I PUT all this in a strong wooden box, lined with oil paper and sealed with pitch. I marked the outside of it with skulls, crossbones, pirate messages, and curses warning that any person opening the box would die a long and painful death. Then Mr Parrot and I swam to the end of the little cove early one morning, carrying the box and a torch.

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The main base and arsenal of the Royal Yugoslav Navy was situated at Tivat. There were always a few destroyers, sub-

As we slowly climbed the mountains towards the Austrian frontier, my father gave me a little parting advice. "Now, Peter," he said, "you have to realise that from now on you should not behave as a Prince, but like any other young boy."

"I want you to work hard and to make some good friends. You will find they will be good to have later on. Always remember that you will be a representative of our country, and that people will judge us by your behaviour; make it good behaviour."

It was nice to hear him say also that he intended to pay a State visit to England and would see me then; this at least seemed a sure oasis in the desert of the unknown that I was to enter.

Yet as I looked back to him tearfully as he stood, kindly and erect, among the little group that waved me off at the frontier post, I was seeing him for the last time.

marines and mine-sweepers based there, or in dry dock.

I was allowed to visit them and accompany them on manoeuvres or on torpedo practice. I learnt quite a lot about seamanship.

When our stay at Herceg Novi came to an end we all embarked on the super destroyer Dubrovnik, which had only been delivered from Glasgow a few months before, and went up the coast to Split.

On my 11th birthday I was called to my father's room. He was sitting in his pyjamas with a rug round him. He asked: "How would you like to go to school in England?"

This was quite a surprise! "I'd love to," I answered simply. My mother said: "We have decided to send you to Sandroyd School, at Cobham, in Surrey."

They had selected the school where my Auntie Bea's three sons (who is the infant's Benito of Spain) had been educated. The time was very short between this announcement and my departure. Looking back, I realise that those few days were hopelessly inadequate for me to learn all I needed to know about my father and his responsibilities.

For the first time I felt that I was beginning to know him well and to know the burdens he carried on his shoulders. He discussed the dangers of Communism. He tried to unburden himself completely to me, as though he felt we might not meet again.

"But that's not how I want it. If everything goes well, we shall have a parliamentary monarchy as in England and Scandinavia, in a very short time."

Then he gave me one final piece of advice: "Whatever happens, whatever you do, remember that your duty, even if it makes you unpopular, is to protect the unity of Yugoslavia, for the future of the world depends on it."

My father seemed to make a last-minute effort to teach me as much history as possible.

One morning early in September the whole family left Bled to accompany me as far as the frontier.

To School

As we slowly climbed the mountains towards the Austrian frontier, my father gave me a little parting advice. "Now, Peter," he said, "you have to realise that from now on you should not behave as a Prince, but like any other young boy."

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Next Saturday: Naked in a shop... fight in school... called to be King

The gamest loser in the world

by GEORGE WHITING

THE FIGHT
THAT
FINISHED
THE
CHAMPION

FEW fighters retire young, rich and good-looking. More often than not, an early withdrawal from public inspection comes when they reach saturation point in pain. One such was Tommy Milligan, middle-weight pride of Scotland, and champion of Britain in the mid-twenties.

Milligan, backed by thousands of his fellow-countrymen to take the world championship off Mickey Walker, an Irish-American from New Jersey, was thrashed and pummeled and ripped into defeat at Olympia on June 30, 1927. Exuberantly and with all the excited eloquence of a cub reporter, I described the fight as a "mild murder," and nobody accused me of exaggeration.

Almost any meeting of media entities gets labelled a "big fight" these days, but Walker v. Milligan was truly in that category as much for its circumstances as for the contest.

The match looked a certain box-office winner. Edinburgh-born Milligan, then 23, had shown promise of world class, outpointed the great Kid Lewis, won both the welter and middle-weight championships of Britain and Europe, and fought Americans in their own fogs.

ENTHUSIASM

Walker, a welterweight champion of the world, had publicly stated that he wanted no part of the contest. Milligan, but on winning the middleweight crown from the Negro holder, Tiger Flowers, he began to show level interest in the money being talked by Cochran repeatedly offering for Walker, £12,000 for Milligan.

Speculations money for those days of economic slump.

There was enthusiasm, was about even among religious bodies, for both Walker and Milligan were Roman Catholics.

But pre-fight troubles brought about a financial flap, with Milligan's seat at £11,111 each. We were insisted on the bulk of his purse money being deposited in Paris, next, he wanted either

reach, Ring suicide, with legs wide apart in a square stance, inviting disaster.

Against lesser men Milligan's whirlwind attack might have succeeded. Against the ring-wise Walker, nothing could have been better calculated to court a thrashing. When Milligan rushed in, Walker stood his ground and met the charge with breath-expelling hooks to the body. Leads were drawn, and counter punches planted with maximum effect.

Milligan, after leading on points by my reckoning, was gradually but inevitably drained of all steam and all resistance. At the end of five rounds, the belligerent Scot was cut down to size by his own exertions, and ripe for the dread reckoning to be exacted by the watchful, ready-breathed Walker.

From Round 6, with all bets safely laid, Walker began to take the still defiant Milligan apart—forcefully, deliberately, and with skilled economy of effort. Swings clubbed Milligan's ribs, incisive hooks sent pain-waves searing through his head.

Twice in the seventh round Milligan was knocked into a heap. Twice he scrambled up, his mouth twisted and swollen

away—head shaking wearily and right hand raised in pathetic acknowledgment of our tremendous cheers.

The gamest loser in the world? Certainly. But at what a price.

At first we feared that Tommy Milligan would never box again—and we were almost right. Alex Ireland took his British title. Frank Moody knocked him out in a round, and, at 25, Milligan retired. Today, a pair of sweat-hardened, blood-stained gloves in Milligan's Glasgow pub tell the reason why.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

The swan song of the greatest boxer of them all.



MILLIGAN TODAY... The ex-champion, now a Glasgow publican, puts on the gloves to spar with his son. Above them is a picture of Milligan in his twenties, when he was British and European middle-weight champion.

ing, neck-or-nothing manner in which it was fought.

Not only was it a big fight, it provided the setting for probably the biggest single betting coup of all time in the British ring. In their own pungent idiom, Walker and his manager, the fabulous "Doc" Kearns, played us for suckers to the tune of at least £20,000 on top of their then record purse of £10,000.

THE TIP

Jim Wicks, nowadays manager of British champions Joe Lucy and Alex Huxton, was one of the very few Englishmen who betted on Walker—and then only because of a piece of inside information for which he claims no credit at all.

"I was looking after Joe Rolfe, the Bermondsey middle-weight, at the time, and got him a job as one of Walker's sparring partners down at Tagg's Island, on the Thames at Hampton Court," recalls Wicks.

"Walker, training with Rolfe, George West and Gunner Bennett, looked a mug, and I told Rolfe so.

"Don't be fooled, gunner," replied Rolfe. "When you visitors have gone home, Kearns locks the door and Walker sets about us in private. He shows us one hand and then hits us with the other. He can knock any of us out any time he likes. He'll murder Milligan—but keep it quiet or I'll get the sack."

COCHRAN SHOW

Rolfe did not get the sack, Manager Kearns, always a lavish spender, paid him £400 for less than a month's work. And Wicks backed Walker to win him £140.

Walker v. Milligan was promoted by the late C. B. Cochran, financed by an American oil man named Joe Boyle—whose original idea was to stage the fight in a specially built arena on the South Shore at Blackpool.

the Prince of Wales or Georges Carpentier as referee.

Then, on the eve of the fight, ticket sales practically dried up with the suicide of Jimmy White, the financier. As a result, Olympia was far from full, and stewards had to stem a stampede of back-row customers into the ring-side seats.

Milligan, the fastest British middleweight I have ever seen, was no devastating puncher, and the Olympia cognoscenti were unanimous that his one great chance lay in the collection of points by means of perpetual foot-motion, setting a swift enough pace to nullify the sharp-shooting punches of Walker.

What Milligan and the rest of us failed to appreciate was that Walker, with every ounce of muscle cunningly disposed in keeping with his non-du-ring of the "Toy Bulldog," had an almost limitless capacity for "taking it"—the absorption of punishment in order to counter to targets left unguarded.

SAVAGERY

Milligan, despite our urgent pleadings, chose to disregard the destructive power of Walker's hooks. Instead of restraint, he relied on aggression; instead of boxing, he preferred to fight; instead of finesse he elected to waste slap-bang into trouble; instead of plotting a course, he plunged in regardless.

At first, Milligan's new-found savagery seemed to be paying off. Prodigious of his punches, he swept into Walker like a one-man commando, opened a cut over his opponent's right eye, and more than held his own in a first round battle fought at incredible pace—a pace that could not possibly last.

In vain did Milligan's seconds scream for caution, for a curbing of impetus, for defensive movement, and for the creation of openings with the left-hand. Milligan ignored them, and, instead, bore down upon the world champion, slamming the punch after punch at any part of Walker within legitimate

out of recognisable shape, to fling desperate retaliation at Walker.

All through Round 8 Milligan played gallant Aunt Sally to an opponent in rip-roaring quest of the knock-out. By the ninth, Walker had the fight in his pocket against a courageous rival with little but spirit to sustain him. The massacre was on.

UNQUENCHABLE

A right hook crashed Milligan on his face. A derisive voice from the gallery cried, "You'll never get up." But, after eight seconds, Milligan did get up—with his back to his opponent.

Referee Eugene Corri waved the eager Walker back while Milligan collected enough of his scrambled wits to charge again with defiant, swirling arms.

Thirty seconds later, Milligan was describing an arc in the air from a right upper-cut that lifted him off his feet and dumped his quivering body on the floor for "six." And once more the unquenchable Scot scrambled up to fling the last pathetic ounces of strength and instinct at Walker till the bell brought respite.

Round 10—and the dreadful, pitiable end. Twice Walker sent Milligan sprawling for "nine," and twice Milligan scorned surrender. The crowd, riled with excitement, yelled for the assault to be halted. "Stop it, stop it, stop it," they cried.

Even Walker appealed to the referee not to be compelled to hit the gasping, helpless Milligan again. But Corri waved him on.

Walker threw a left hook to the chin, and Milligan collapsed on his side. At "two" he rolled over on to his back, the count continued, and blood-soaked towel fluttered in from Milligan's corner. It was all over.

Milligan, his jaw bruised, his lip split, his eye gashed and several teeth missing, sat limply in his corner. Two ambulance men and two doctors attended his hurts. Then they led him

PRESIDENT IKE'S PRODUCER

WHEN President Eisenhower made his hydrogen bomb speech from Washington, screen actor Robert Montgomery was at hand to help. Out of sight of the TV cameras, Montgomery held up large pieces of white cardboard on which were written notes to help the President along in an apparently extempore speech.

Before the telecast the actor had heard the President rehearse the speech. Montgomery suggested certain gestures to emphasise facts and figures. The President adopted these.

Tall (6ft. 1in.), trim, discreetly-tailored Bob Montgomery, who actually lives in New York, nowadays spends up to four days a week in Washington, staying with his wealthy wife in a hotel and spending most of his time in an office he has acquired in the White House. Recently he has been in and out of that office so much that people are beginning to talk about it.

When asked about his White House activities, Montgomery's

● ACTOR ROBERT MONTGOMERY GETS AN UNPAID JOB IN THE WHITE HOUSE—GROOMING THE PRESIDENT FOR HIS TV APPEARANCES.

By Evelyn Irons

blue eyes turn steely and he switches the conversation. But he has, in fact, got a job there, although it is unofficial and unpaid. The job: to produce the President as a television and radio performer.

So far his achievements at the White House have not been in the world-shaking order.

Before Mr Eisenhower's Christmas broadcast, Montgomery handed the President a battered, much-sliced golf-ball which had been found on the White House lawn. That made Ike laugh, and relax his natural pre-broadcast tension to an easy, smiling mood which contributed notably to the success of his performance on the air.

Many Tips

From his own TV experience Montgomery has been able to give Ike many tips on what to do before the cameras and microphones.

Under his direction a make-up girl from his own studios has given the President a softer, more glamorous TV make-up.

For the President's State of the Union speech in the House of Representatives, Montgomery persuaded him not to wear his heavy, horn-rimmed glasses which (it has been said), Churchill recommended. Instead he got Mr Eisenhower to wear Montgomery-designed spectacles with feather-weight, light-coloured composition rims. Those, Montgomery thought, made the President look younger.

Montgomery also thought the lectern in the House too low. He raised it three inches, so that the cameras caught the President's face instead of the top of his balding head.

Montgomery has been a friend of Eisenhower for many years and is today an all-out Republican.

He is one of the wealthiest and most powerful actors in the business. For 17 months he has been a director of Macy's, the big New York store.

He joined the National Broadcasting Company as an executive television producer in 1950 and still appears every Monday night in his own dramatic series, "Robert Montgomery Presents."

Ike's TV dates are beginning to clash with Montgomery's. The actor was not in New York for his "Robert Montgomery Presents" series, which is telecast live. He was in Washington for the President's H-bomb speech.

Viewers of the play saw and heard Montgomery introduce the production on a film made the previous week and cut into the live TV show.

Montgomery's wife for 22 years, former actress, Elizabeth Bryan Allen, divorced him in December 1950. Five days later he married Mrs Elizabeth Harkness, ex-wife of an oil millionaire.

Gold Medal

In his long career as film and TV star Montgomery has always liked public affairs. In the 'thirties he helped to found the Screen Actors Guild and fought for the closed shop in Hollywood studios.

In 1952 he got a gold medal for "courageous American citizenship in fighting against Communist infiltration of the motion picture and radio fields."

During the last Presidential elections he was all out for Eisenhower. The screen idol who flashed his smiles at Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford has come a long, long way.

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CASE HISTORY... FROM THAT MOMENT THE SHELL HIT HIM... UNTIL TODAY

FRONT LINE DOCTOR...4

'Hopeless' was the word 10 years ago

by JOHN DEANE POTTER

THE news that Geoffrey Fiske's paraplegia sprouting from a bullet wound in the back, ready in a month is not apparently important.

Nor is the fact that 38-year-old Mr. Fiske, of Mitchell-walk, Amersham, who was a bank clerk before the war, is a bank clerk again.

Not until you realise what happened to Geoffrey Fiske more than ten years ago on a winter's day in 1943. He was a tank commander in Southern Italy, patrolling across a field near the Moro River.

He was not a tank commander and he was not a tank commander and he was not a tank commander.

Hit again

ONE day Mr. Fiske, with his leg in a cast, was walking in the back of a car. He was not a tank commander and he was not a tank commander and he was not a tank commander.

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Because of a little German doctor, Dr. Guttman, who was a tank commander and he was not a tank commander and he was not a tank commander.



But for that doctor the Germans foolishly drove away to Britain I should never have been alive today...

Average stay in hospital is seven to 12 months. And when they leave they are ready for work next day.

Seventy-four percent are employed. They are mostly fully employed, and their rate of absenteeism is lower than the average normal man.

Guttman teaches they have a duty to society. But one of the pitfalls is that they sometimes fall into the habit of expecting charity.

'Poppa'

LIKE the man who came wheeling along the corridor and buttonholed him. He was coming along nicely and spoke cheerfully to Guttman—whom all the patients call Poppa.

"Could you do me a favour," he asked. "When I was all right I used to go to a pub and have a glass of stout every night. Could I have a glass of beer every night in hospital?" Guttman replied: "Who paid for the stout you had?"

"Well, I did," said the man in the wheelchair in a surprised tone of voice.

"Well, you got some money now, didn't you?" asked Guttman. "What's stopping you buying yourself a glass of stout?"

That seemingly stern answer jerks a self-pitying pout back to a feeling of independence and normality. When last seen the man was wheeling off to buy himself a beer in the nearest pub.

It was two years of this regime which turned wounded, paralysed, ex-corporal Fiske into a sunburnt, broad-shouldered, contented gardener.

A hobby

EVERY day, even in winter, Fiske is wheeling about in his garden. The paths are wider to allow his chair to pass easily and some of his gardening implements have long handles so he can reach to the backs of beds.

Sometimes his wife, whom he married before he was posted abroad, helps him, but mostly he does the job himself.

His work is just as remarkably humdrum. He wheels himself out to his car with his special hand controls. He climbs into it without assistance and drives to Barclays bank at Chesham. There another wheelchair is waiting for him. He wheels himself to a specially made desk and works all day.

The rest of his life is just as normal. If his wife wishes to go out for the evening like any other husband he can make himself supper and go to bed if he feels tired. Sometimes they drive to the pictures. He wheels in his chair and sits in a seat at the end of a row.

draughtsmen in the Ministry of Works. Others have become lawyers.

Guttman recalls that when he first suggested that paraplegics should work he received indulgent smiles—"the sort of smile only the English can give"—but tolerant smiles only act as an incentive to the persistent Jewish doctor from Breslau. And here is today's balance sheet—

Only seven percent of paraplegics die.

CHAPMAN PINCHER writes on SLEEP

DON'T COUNT ON COUNTING SHEEP—JUST R-E-L-A-X

INSOMNIA is one of the commonest complaints confided to the doctor, yet except in rare cases, where that part of the brain controlling sleep is damaged, it is never a disease in itself.

Unless the sleeplessness is due to some obvious physical causes, such as outside noise or late-night tea, it is always the symptom of some other complaint which is sometimes physical but is more often psychological.

SHED WORRIES

You must be emotionally prepared for sleep as well as physically tired. So doctors advise that as far as possible you should shed your worries before you shed your clothes. Half an hour deliberately spent slowing down from the pace of the day before you go to bed should pay off in sounder sleep.

Many women unconsciously do this when they go through their nightly cosmetic routine.

So do men who sit quietly smoking a last pipe.

A hot bath just before bed is helpful by relaxing both muscles and mind.

Listening to soothing music with eyes closed should prepare you for bed. By resting your eyes you rest the brain.

Even the traditional trick of counting sheep is now in disrepute as a soporific. Any activity involving deliberate visual imagery may delay the onset of sleep by alerting the brain.

It is helpful to try relaxing the muscles deliberately when you cannot get off to sleep. First let the lower jaw and face relax into an expression which would make you look vacant if anyone could see you.

Then try letting the muscles of the arms and legs relax until they feel almost numb. At the same time try to convince yourself that you will sleep.

Going to bed famished for fear that a late-night snack may cause bad dreams can also cause sleeplessness. Hunger alerts the brain and an empty stomach undergoes "hunger contractions" which may keep you awake.



DR. GUTTMAN Of to Pakistan.

There is only one aspect of his life which he has found upsetting. He finds going on holiday a trial, because hotel proprietors when they discover his disability, often refuse to let him and his wife stay.

"They said they were full up," he said philosophically. "I suppose you can't blame them. After all, chairs like mine are a bit more trouble than ordinary people."

When I looked at the cheerful but disabled-for-life tank commander who had been hit by two German shells I did not share his tolerant view. I did blame them—bitterly. And I am sure most people will.

Guttman, who has had 1,000 patients through his hands in ten years—half of them ex-Servicemen—realised that situations like that must arise.

'The beasts!'

WITH his background it is not unnatural that he accepts such incidents calmly. For instance, in his imperfect but fiery English, his only comment on the Nazis is: "They were bumptious, terrible beasts."

He became a naturalised Briton in 1947, and has been awarded the O.B.E. Last month he flew to Pakistan to advise on the rebuilding of the wrecked lives and souls of paraplegics there.

But as you sit with him in his office, where a water-colour of Newlyn, in Cornwall, hangs on the cream wall, and hear him talk with such crusading fire about the people he has brought back to life, you realise the Nazis were not only beasts.

They were also fools to lose men like Poppa Guttman. (THIS ENDS THE SERIES: "FRONT LINE DOCTOR")



This is Lady Boyle talking to one of Dr Guttman's prettiest patients, Pamela Russell, as she appeared on TV. Crippled in a riding accident, Miss Russell was in her wheelchair. Her few minutes on TV, her doctors say, have worked 'psychological wonders' and now further programmes are being arranged for her.

Self-reliant

HIS view was that other muscles should be called in to perform the functions of those that had become paralysed. This would encourage the patients to become self-reliant as quickly as possible.

It might take years, but it had to be done. With nagging, unflinching patience the little German doctor set to work in his Army hut and wanted to put his theories into practice.

He decided his patients would be able to do everything themselves, dress, wash, and transfer themselves from bed to wheelchair and back again.

To do this they had to use the broadest muscle of the back—the latissimus dorsi—which derives its nerve supply from the highest point of the spinal cord.

So he gave his patients chest expanders and told them to get to work to develop strong-man muscles. When their muscles began to bulge they enabled the patient to sit upright without corsets.

BALANCE was his next—and greatest—problem. The art of balancing is performed by messages from the joints to the brain which in turn regulates the muscles. But these signals do not travel to the brain of a paraplegic.

Guttman got over this by placing a mirror in front of them with a physiotherapist standing behind.

Gradually the patients learned to balance by sight instead of feeling.

Happy life

THE next problem was—how to plan a happy life for them. They must lose the fear which floated in their depression clouded brains. They must conquer their feeling of inferiority.

They must be socially acceptable.

WORK was the answer to this. Guttman and his fellow specialists point out to patients that their legs may not be any more use to them. But their heads and their hands give them the chance to make a living and influence their own future.

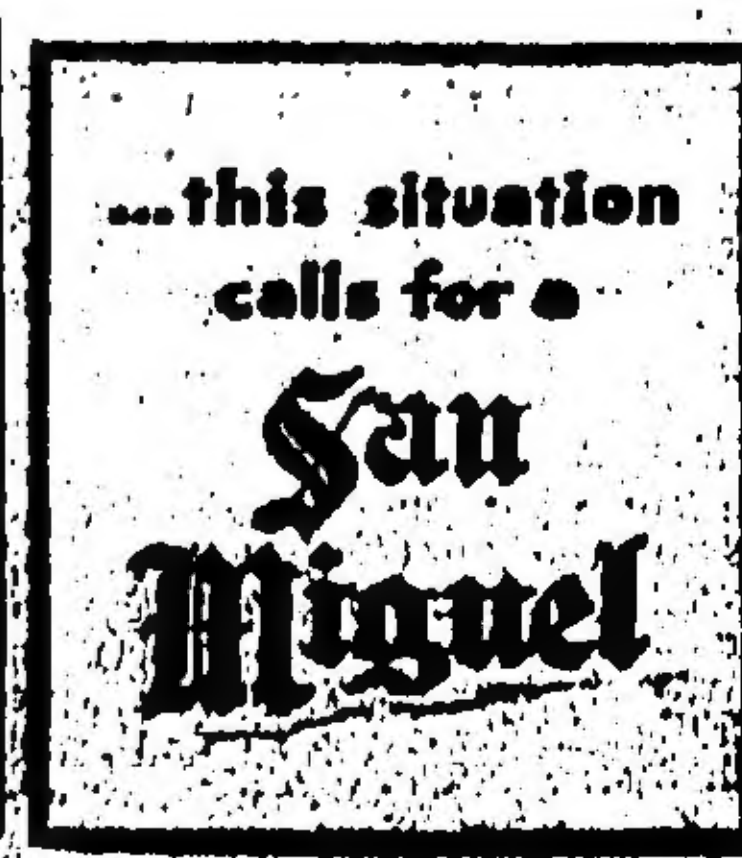
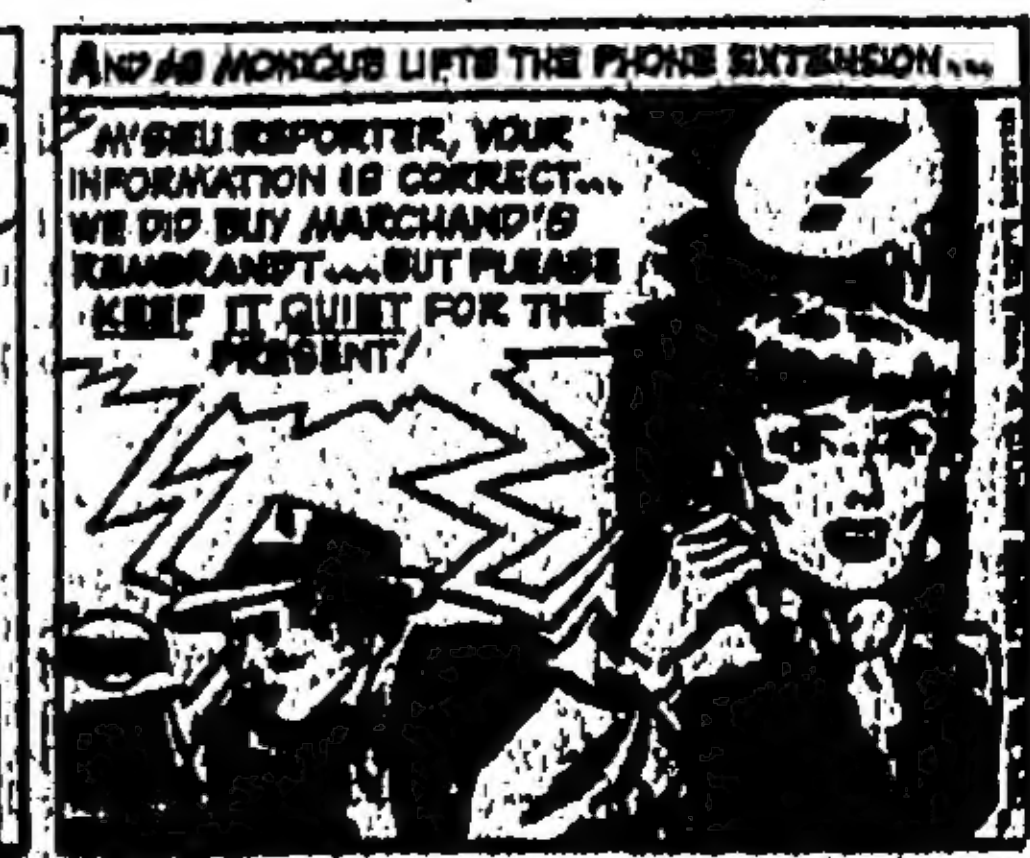
So as soon as a patient is well enough, up goes his wheelchair to the workshops. There he can learn watch and clock repairing, draughtsmanship, cobbling, and woodwork. He can also learn shorthand and typing and take courses in accountancy.

As soon as he has mastered any of these subjects he is encouraged to go out to work.

The start of this scheme was at nine o'clock one morning when a laundry van drew up outside the spinal centre in Stoke Mandeville. Half a dozen men in wheelchairs were pushed into it and driven off to a nearby radio factory. There they sat in wheelchairs assembling radio sets.

From this start Guttman's patients have taken on all kinds of jobs. Some have passed examinations to become

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HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, visited several Hongkong schools last Monday. Among these was the St Louis School in Third Street. One of the teachers is explaining the work to His Excellency. (Staff Photographer)



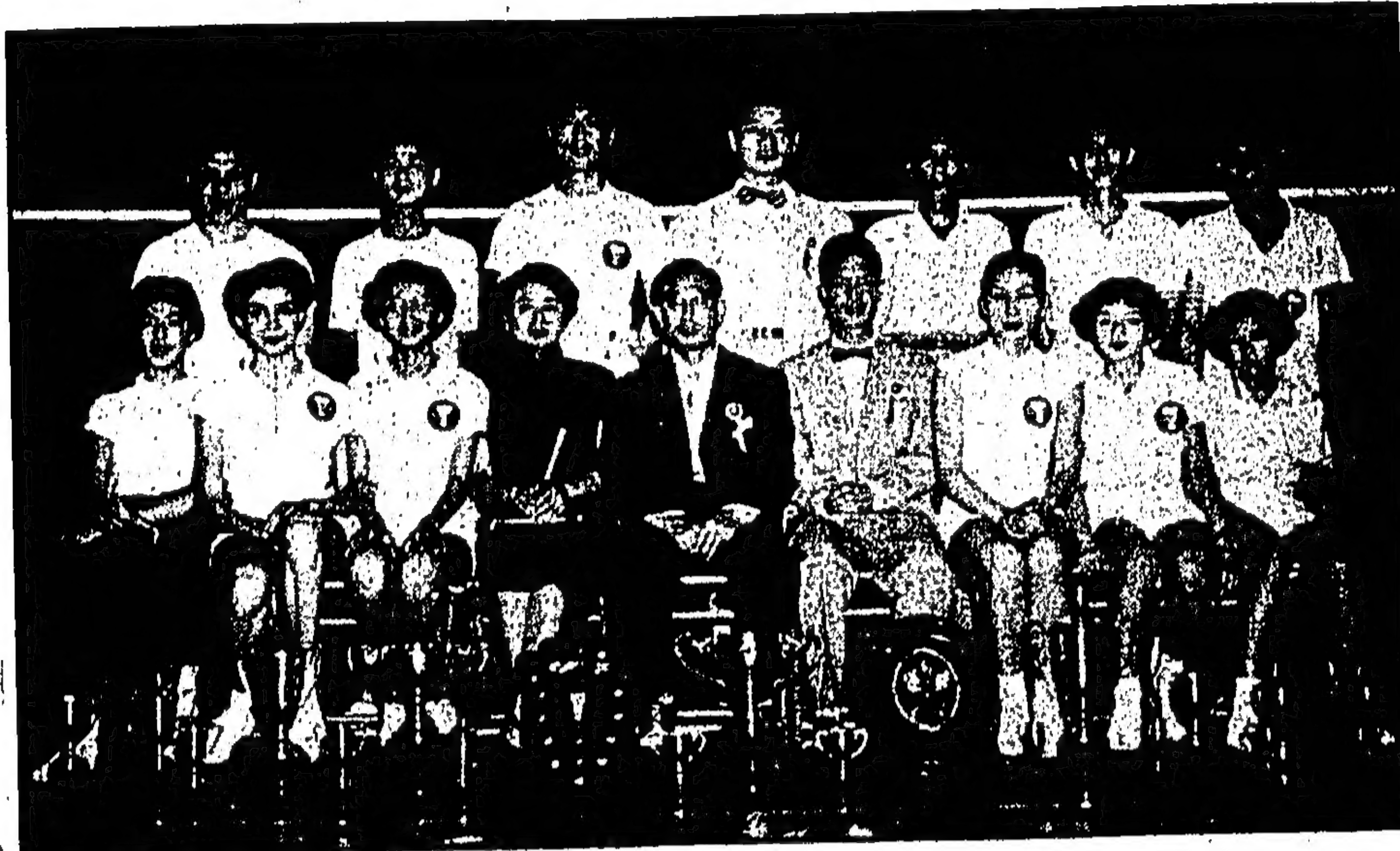
FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs William Henry Goodwin at their wedding at the Rosary Church last Saturday. Mr Goodwin is Assistant Press Officer in the Government Public Relations Office. The bride, formerly Miss Lucy Huang, is a reporter of the South China Morning Post. (Staff Photographer)



CAPTAIN K. M. Green, RASC, and his bride, formerly Miss Judith Snyder, smile happily as they emerge from St Andrew's Church after their wedding on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



MR Reinaldo Camilo de Oliveira Sales and Miss Zina Mae Theresa Osoiro, members of two prominent Portuguese families, were married at the Rosary Church on Monday. Picture taken after the ceremony shows them with their attendants. (Staff Photographer)



SUCCESSFUL Craigengower Cricket Club competitors in the Colony badminton championships which have just ended. Seated in centre is Mr Z. Tsok, the Club's badminton convenor. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Mok Shum-lan, daughter of the owner of the pony Matador, and the jockey, Mr Ng Cheung-fai, who guided it in to win the Stafford Handicap at Happy Valley last Saturday, photographed with Mr D. Benson, Chairman of the Jockey Club, and Mrs J. F. Macgregor, who presented the trophy. (Staff Photographer)

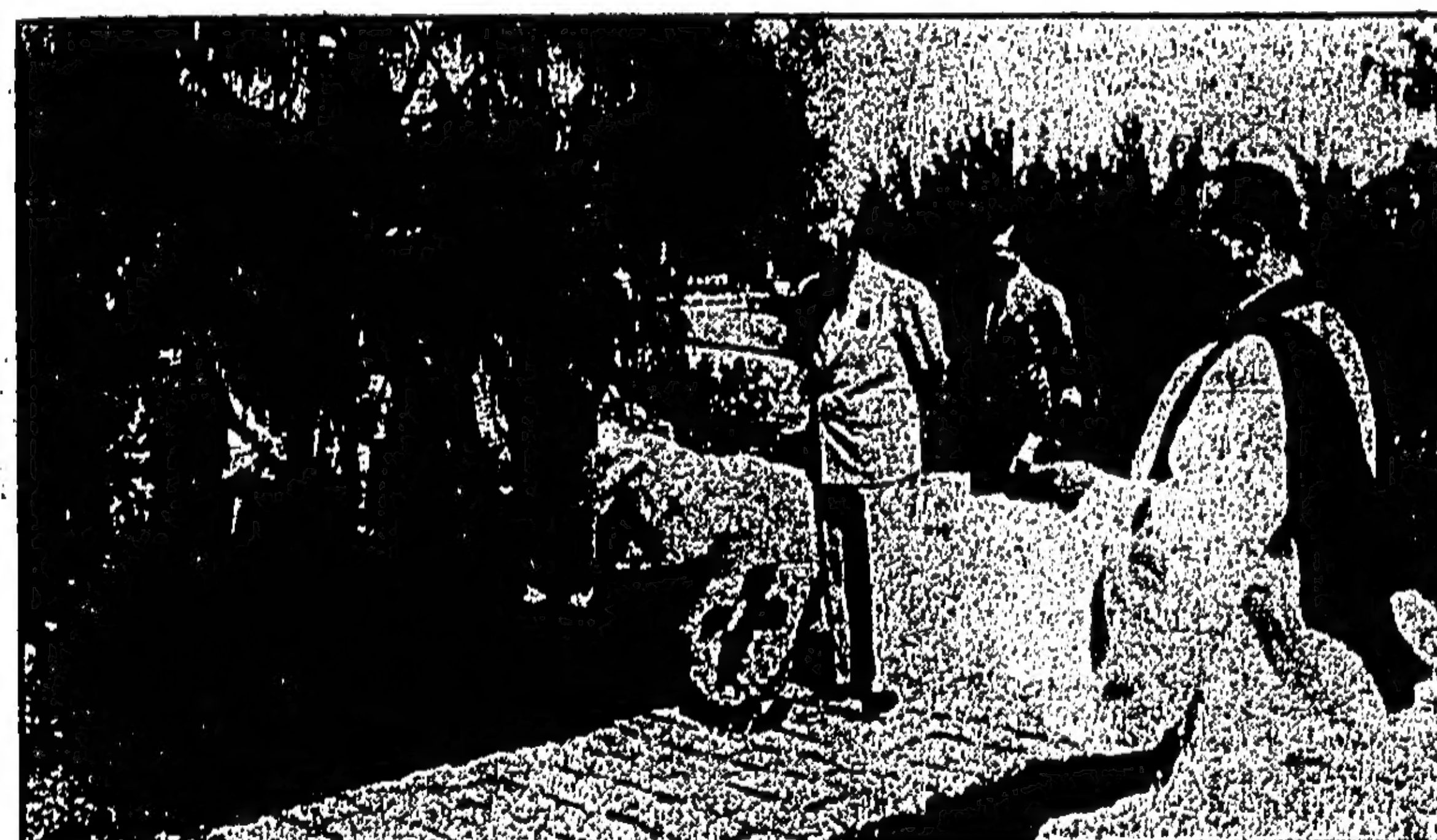
The Franklin Challenge Shield for table tennis was awarded to the winner, Lau Wing-kwong (third from right), at the South China Morning Post Sports Association last week. The shield was presented by Mr F. P. Franklin, Managing Director of the Company, and was given away by Mr W. A. Grinham, Acting Manager (second from left). (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Flight Lieutenant and Mrs D. C. Wilson with their baby son, Andrew James, on the occasion of his christening at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of St George's Society at the memorial service held in the Garden of Remembrance, Stanley Military Cemetery, last Sunday. In centre is the Society's President, Mr F. C. Clemo. (Staff Photographer)



STUDENTS of Form 4A of the Diocesan Boys' School photographed with their Form Master, Mr P. E. Du Toit. (Mainland)

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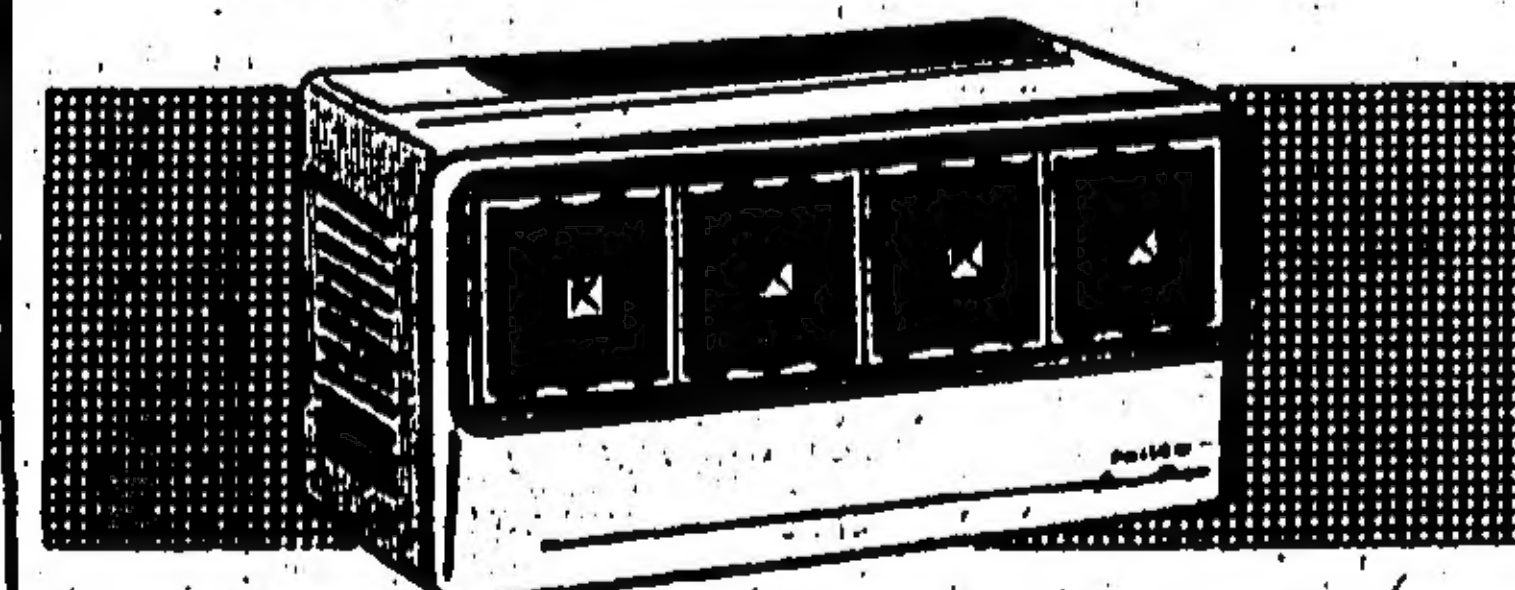
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MISS E. G. Stephen, who left Hongkong on retirement last week after 25 years with the Education Department, is seen cutting a cake at a farewell party given in her honour by her colleagues. Second from right is the Acting Director of Education, the Hon. L. G. Morgan. (Staff Photographer)



LADY Airey, wife of the Commander, British Forces, is presented with a bouquet by little "Pippin" Codyra after she had opened the new Victoria Garrison School building last week. (Staff Photographer)



DR Lee Hah-liang, Lady Howe and Dr C. W. Lam at the Presidential dinner of the Hongkong Chinese Medical Association. Dr Lam is this year's President. (Staff Photographer)



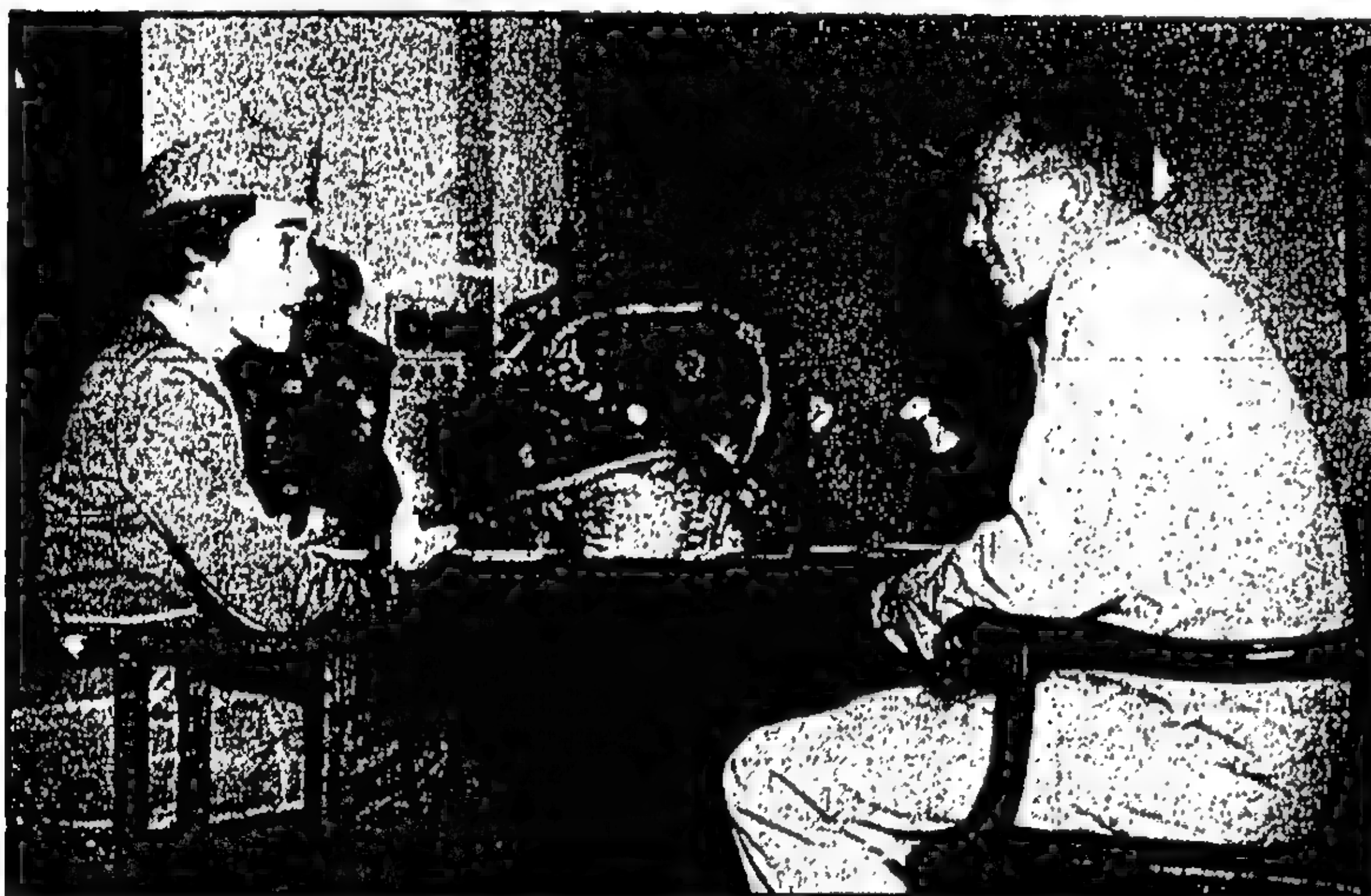
MR J. Prentice (right), Engineer Superintendent of the Bank Line, who is leaving on retirement shortly, is seen with Mr A. W. Black who made a presentation to him on behalf of local ship-builders, engineers, surveyors and superintendents on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the christening at St John's Cathedral of Nigel Charles, son of Mr and Mrs M. L. Hardingham. (Staff Photographer)



A farewell cocktail party was held at the offices of Wallen and Co., Ltd. to fare Mr R. Johannessen (right), who recently retired as Managing Director. His successor, Mr R. Reiertsen (left), is seen presenting the farewell gift. (Ming Yuen)



RIGHT: Miss Mary Whitney, PAA flight stewardess who is on a world trip as "Miss World Trade of Los Angeles," is seen with Mr H. A. Angus, Acting Director of Commerce and Industry, to whom she presented a basket of Californian fruit on her arrival here on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr Paul V. McNutt, former Governor-General of the Philippines, and Mrs McNutt, met at Kai Tak on their arrival this week by Mr K. K. Tse. Mr McNutt is now an executive of several American insurance groups. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Group picture taken at St John's Cathedral after the christening of David Ramsey, son of Mr and Mrs H. R. Terrett. (Ming Yuen)

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CLIVE, five-year-old son of Major and Mrs L. T. H. Phelps, is helped by his mother in cutting the cake at his birthday party last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)



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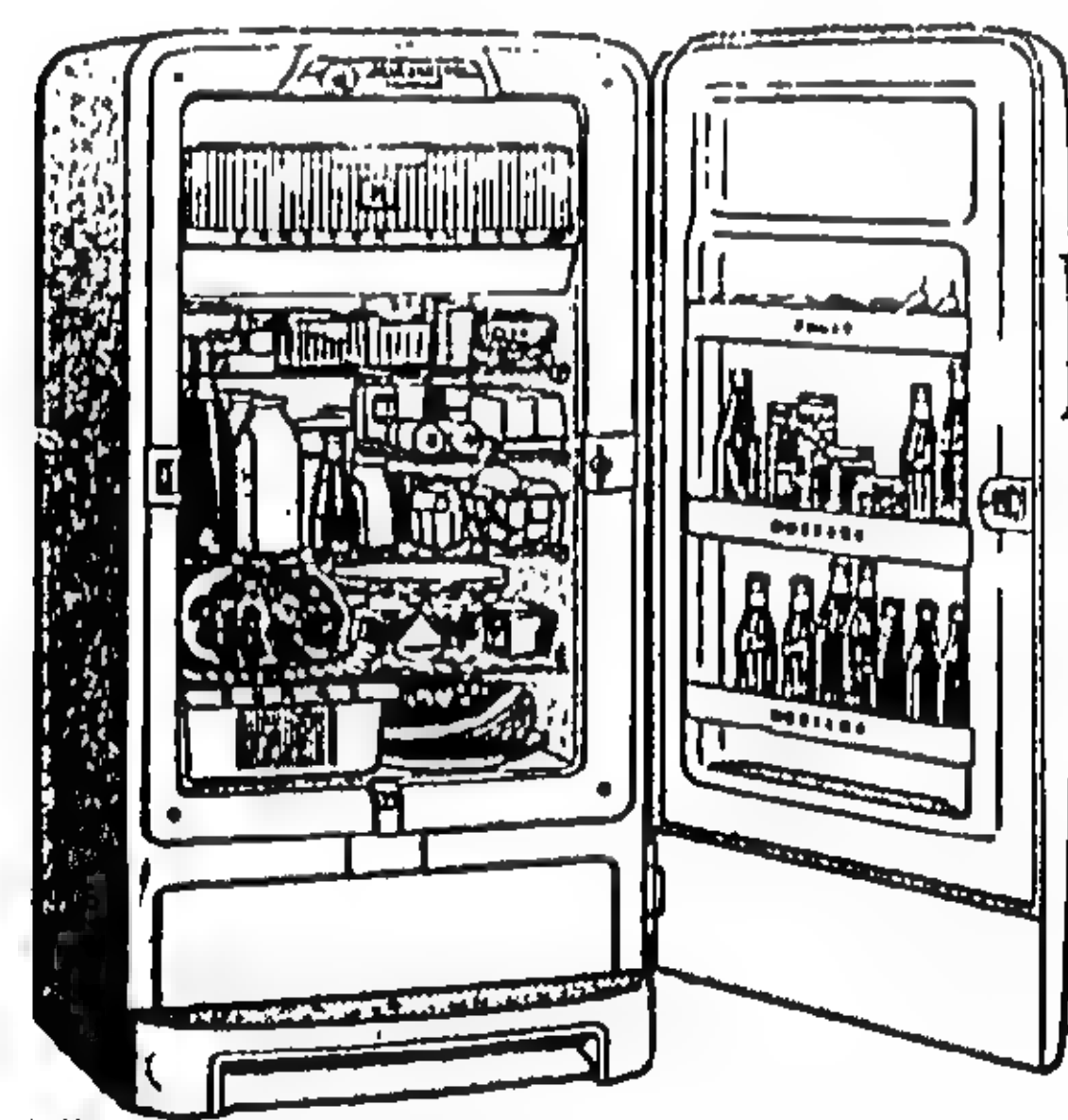


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Maple, Brass-based Furniture Featured In New Settings

LIKE new clothing fashions, furniture is putting on a fine show for spring, making much use of colour and novel accents.

Professional store decorators are thinking in terms of the average person, and therefore, in terms of easy maintenance. A new group of rooms goes in for a good old stand-by that has been rather overlooked by professionals of late, maple furniture.

GREY-BLACK WALLS

A new line in a small-scale version of fine Colonial pieces with an article of furniture for every room. The finish is a handsome deep beige that goes with and enhances every colour.

In one room it is used for a setting made up of three walls in grey-black. The fourth wall, set off by an elegant fireplace, is done in white. The floor-length window is flanked by white louvered shutters and is covered with a curtain suspended on a brass rod. Above the middle of the window, the fabric is a bright green and gold documentary design and is also used for the upholstered pieces. There is also a wing chair in grey. A large, oval, hooked rug partially hides the spatter-dashed white tile and is in grey and black.

White walls are used for other living rooms and make a nice background for some colourful paintings. Textured bedspreads are used for white draperies in an attractive bedroom setting.

A novel note is a window shade of a gold and grey floral on white. The same fabric forms the dust ruffle for a yellow bedspread. The same floral fabric is used for upholstery and for covering two tall narrow screens. The walls are cream coloured and the rug is grey.

In another group of settings there are some novel colour accents for bedrooms and baths. There is a modern bed-sitting room furnished with simple but effective storage units of the functional type. It has a corner arrangement of two beds which have one-piece wood frames painted black. Bright red shot with metallic threads makes a colourful, decorative spread. The floor is of black tile and has a white cotton rug.

WATER COLOUR TINTS

Soft pastels give beauty to an elegant bedroom with pale blue and pink walls and a blue rug on the white tile floor. Bedside tables, dressing table and bench all have brass bases and the tables are topped with white opaque glass. The headboard is slip-covered with pink felt which also forms a dust ruffle. White sheets with tulip embroidery and a nylon comforter in light blue shot with silver make another pretty splash of colour.

The model bathroom is something to see. It is also an excellent dressing room with black dressing table; the bench and slipper chair are both upholstered with terry cloth in an apricot shade that matches the towels. Window and shower curtains are printed in avocet and avocado green on white in a butterfly design.

—Eleanor Ross

Suggestions For Child's Birthday Party

By GARRY C. MYERS, Ph.D.

MOTHERS often write to ask me about games for young guests at a party for the youngster, three or four. Sometimes, they indicate that they plan to invite a dozen or more guests of his age.

In the first place, I remind these parents that a child so young is not ready for the usual sort of group games. He has not learned to follow rules of a game. It is an individual. If you observe him in a nursery school, you find that while he may like to be with other children, he tends to play alone, alongside another child who is also playing alone. He may like to do alone the same thing as another child near him. At best, he chooses to play cooperatively with only one or two other children.

One group amusement such young children may enjoy is listening to a brief story while they can see the pictures in the book. Even then, the group rarely can number over three or four, in order for all of them to look and listen at the same time.

They might also like to move about for a few minutes as some rhythmic music is played. Or they might be induced to "march" in duck-like fashion, from one room to another or through a few doors. Even then, four or five children will do this far better than eight or ten.

If you are sure you must have as many as ten or twelve such young children at your child's party, it is well to have two or three adults assist you, each taking charge of a small group of them.

I urge the mother not to have more than four or five children of this age at a party, and to make it very short, not more than about twice as long as it takes them to eat the refreshments, which should be simple.

In good weather, when the youngsters can be out-of-doors,

where they can run and enjoy a variety of free activities, the party might, successfully, be a bit longer.

Furthermore, for most children around three or four, a large party is far too exciting. The size and length of the party should not increase rapidly as the child grows older.

After some months of experience in kindergarten, most children have progressed considerably in following directions and having some short periods of group fun. Even then, a party of six or eight, for a total period of an hour, is far better than a party of twelve or fourteen, for two hours. At this age, and up to seven or eight, some quiet fun, like cutting, drawing, colouring, putting together simple puzzles, and listening to stories, is far more wholesome indoors than exciting running games. If the party could be timed to fit in a whole, some not-exciting radio programme, that might prove helpful and enjoyable.

Keep The Cooking Utensils Clean And Bright

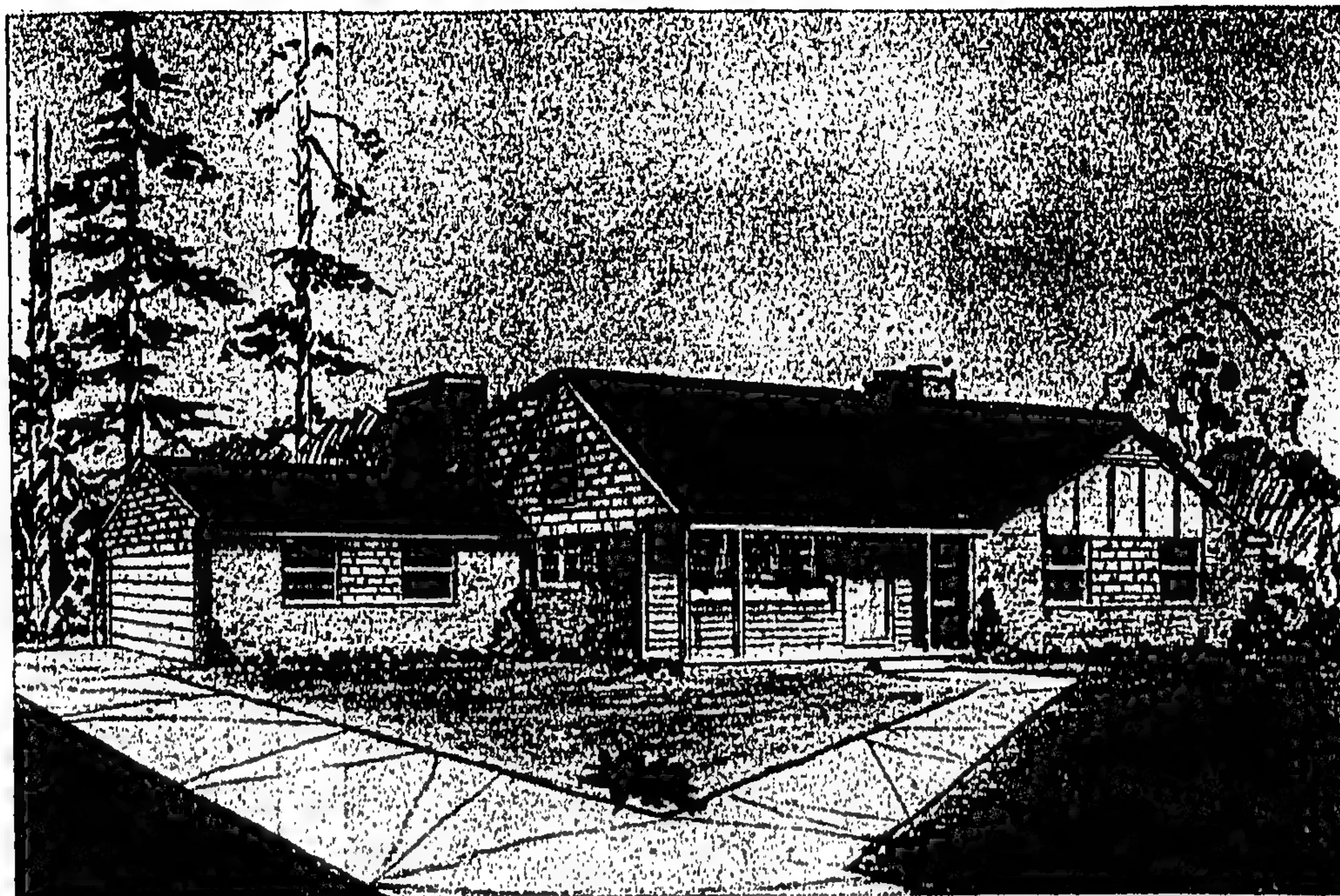
It may be purely psychological—but it's true just the same—that getting dinner with shiny equipment is a lot more fun than performing the task with dull and tarnished tools. And because metal cooking utensils are so easy to keep bright, it would be downright foolish not to provide oneself with this meal-getting therapy and pleasure.

First rule in the care of kitchen utensils is sudsy after every use. Keep them clean, and it's an easy matter to keep them gleaming as well.

Wash aluminium with hot soapsuds after every use—even after just boiling water. This prevents pitting caused by the minerals present in both food and water.

This food deposits tightly with well-soaped fine steel wool—and

★ Designed For Summer ★



THE FRONT PORCH of this well-planned home, Design H-278-KF, is sheltered by a low roof overhang. Trim white planting boxes, placed under the porch windows, add a bright and colourful touch to the entrance. Note how driveway and walk meet in a decorative V.

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

IN summer, a house planned with emphasis on outdoor activities has definite advantages. Just such a home is shown at right.

Those who like to rock and review neighbourhood goings-on, can settle down comfortably on a front porch sheltered by a low roof overhang. It's a cool vantage point on a sultry day.

A FIREPLACE GRILL

When privacy's preferred, laze away an afternoon on a shady back porch that's also ideal for outdoor dining. A wonderful fireplace grill makes meal preparation a breeze—put on the steaks, mix a green salad, get some cold drinks and dinner is served! Planned to be a centre of summer activity, the porch can be reached from a back bedroom, the dining nook or living room.

One wall of the living area is an expanse of glass. Windows and French doors to the porch capture the delightful garden view.

Decoratively speaking, the dining nook can be treated as part of the living room or as a separate area. That's up to you. It's conveniently near the kitchen-laundry, which extends through to the front of the house. Appliances in

this narrow combination room are arranged along either wall, corridor style, to make the maximum use of space.

Plans for sleeping quarters are adaptable. You can have three, four or five bedrooms, depending on your needs.

There are two bedrooms on the ground floor, both of which have access to a very large bath. If necessary, the nearby study could be utilised as a bedroom since it has closet space.

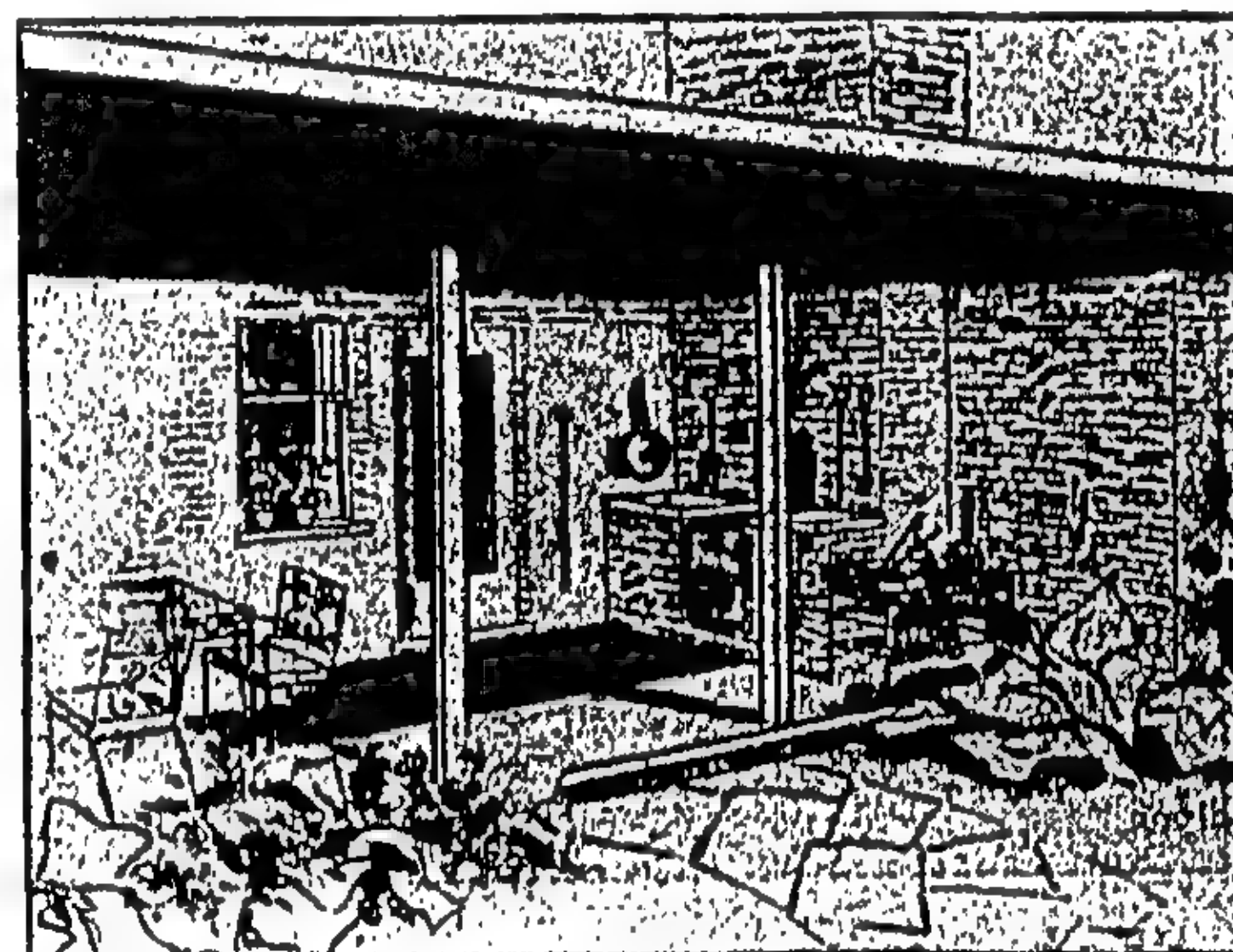
AN EXTRA ROOM

An exceptionally good-sized bedroom and a second full bath occupy most of the upper floor. And, if you need still more bedroom space, a long sewing room here could serve. It has one well designed for wardrobe or storage space.

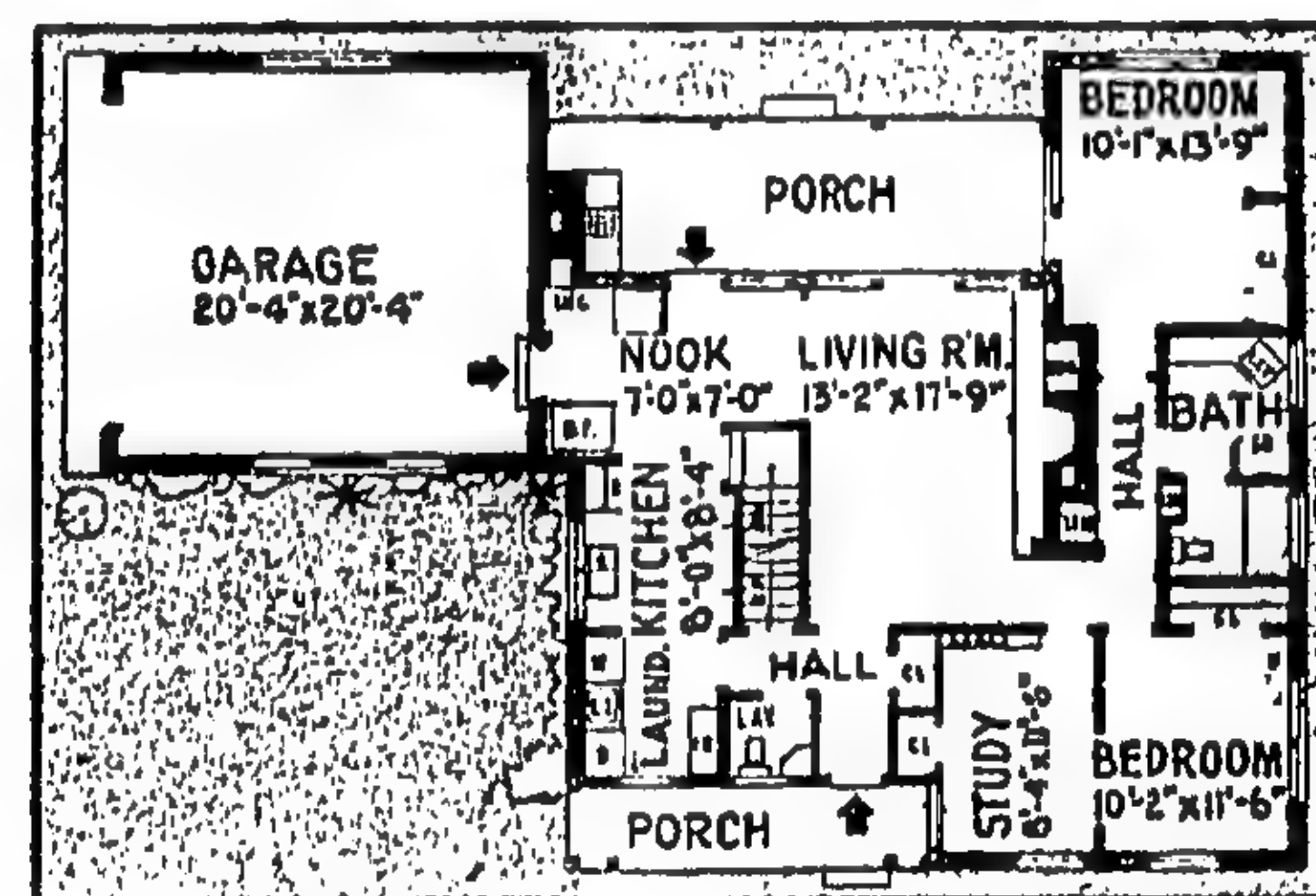
Study the plan and you'll notice the house abounds with closets. They're designed for wardrobes, linens and supplies. The clothing closets are unusually roomy.

Heating facilities are at the back of the house near the garage entrance.

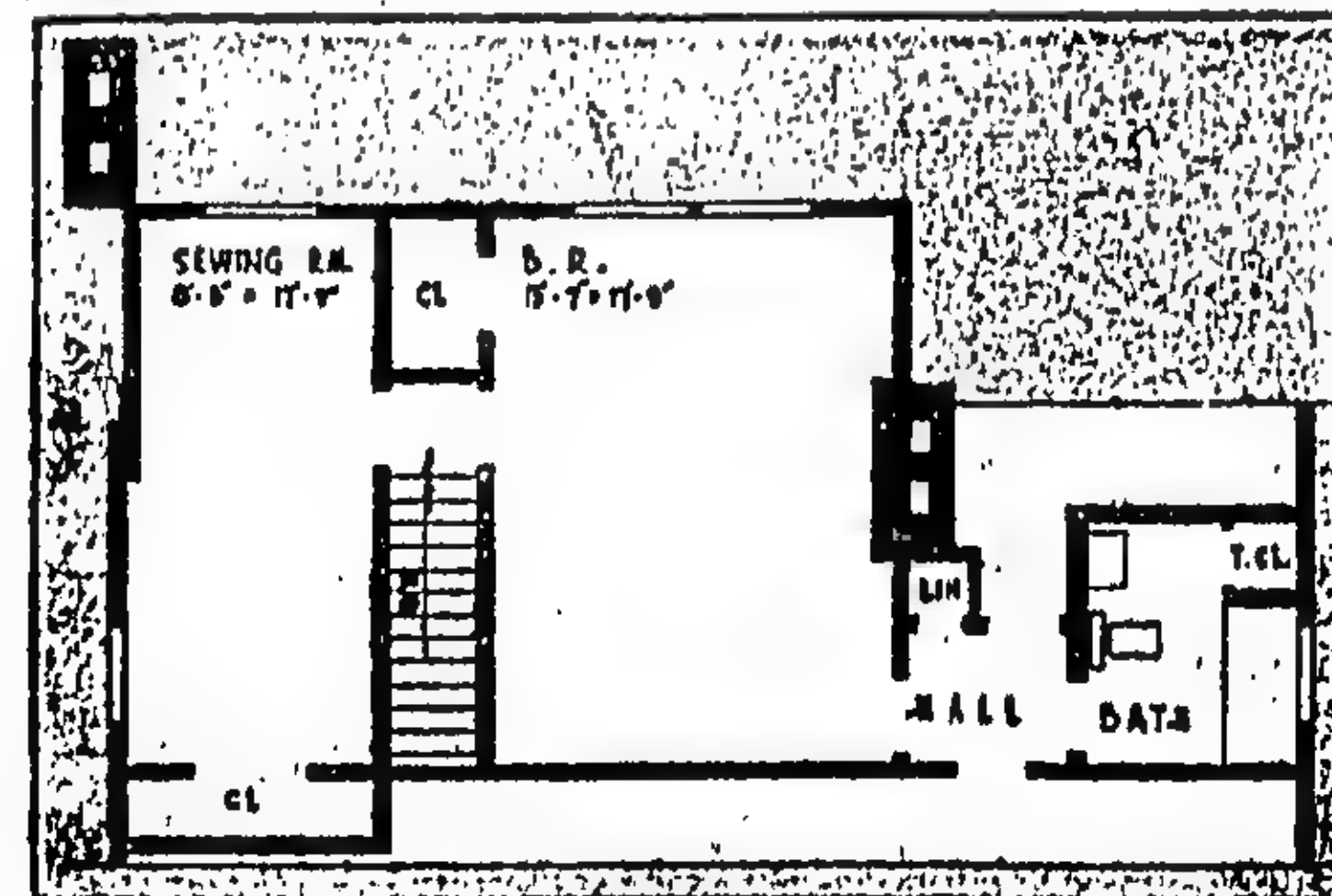
The house, Design H-278-KF, comprises 31,491 cubic feet.



DINING OUTDOORS on the back porch is a pleasant treat during the warm months. Meals can be prepared on the fireplace grill.



THE GROUND FLOOR is efficiently arranged with bedrooms at one side of the house, away from the bustle of the living and working areas.



A SEWING ROOM, next to the upstairs bedroom, could be converted into sleeping quarters. It has a huge closet for clothing or storage.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A unique lampshade can be made of cancelled postage stamps of all countries. Paste the stamps on a plain shade and cover it with one or two thin coats of fresh, white shellac. Fine for a philatelist!

You can try the same stunt for a floral motif. Parakeets are usually easiest to handle since the petals are wide enough for easy pasting. They require careful handling but attractively arranged in contrasting shades, make a lovely shade.

If a woollen sweater has shrunk a good deal during washing nothing much can be done about it. However, if shrunk only slightly, it can be corrected by soaking in cool water, then gradually stretching it back to shape. If you have a cardboard outline of the original shape, so much the better. Pin the sweater to the outline, stretching it, gently. While it dries, continue the gentle stretching process every 15 minutes or so.

low heat for two hours or so. Give it two treatments before using. From then on, the job is easy. Simply wash it in hot suds and rinse after every use. Scrape food deposits with a wooden spoon or rubber scraper. If necessary, scour with a cleanser but don't use steel wool. Always dry thoroughly to prevent rust.

Stainless steel needs only to be washed promptly after every use and rinsed with hot water; it must be dried thoroughly, since moisture causes a film. Soak food deposits in warm, sudsy water, then scrape with cloth, sponge or fibre brush. If the metal does become dull, scrub it gently with an abrasive "heat-tint" the same way.

To take care of tin utensils, simply wash in hot soapsuds and rinse after each using. Don't try to remove the bluish tone tin develops for it absorbs heat better when dull. Wash copper utensils or copper accents carefully in hot soapsuds and rinse after every using. Pour a little ammonia in the suds to remove stains. If spots are stubborn, wash and dry, then rub with lemon and salt and wash again.

TO SEASON IRONWARE

Cooking an acid food like tomatoes will brighten a tarnished aluminium saucepan. Keep iron frying pans and kettles satin smooth with proper daily care—which is made easier if they've been seasoned for rust resistance when new.

To season, scour with a household cleanser, then wash in hot soapsuds. Rinse and dry thoroughly. Spread unsalted melted vegetable shortening or vegetable oil on the inside surface and heat to 250° F. in oven or over

MALENKOV AND THE SOVIET HOUSEWIFE

By David Tutaev

EVER since he came into power a year ago Malenkov has posed as the Soviet housewife's 'best friend.' He openly commiserated with her in a famous speech for preferring to buy 'foreign-made goods' just because they are 'nicer.' And he made no bones about the 'travelling customer' who 'in order to buy something, is compelled to travel to another town or district because he is unable to purchase the articles required in his own area.'

For a whole year now the Soviet press has been given its head in castigating and denouncing State enterprises, shops, managers, salesmen, fashion designers, window-dressers, tailors and repair shops, food shops and restaurants for the paucity of their 'public service' on which the average Soviet housewife depends to feed and clothe her family.

Irritated customers and exhausted housewives have been encouraged to send their laments to the press. One such housewife recently complained in Izvestia on the 'impossibility of finding an enamel baby-bath in the whole of Moscow.' Another lady, who prefaced her remarks by saying that 'the Soviet woman is the most fortunate in the world,' asked why there was no 'mechanical dish-washer' to be found on the Soviet market. Yet another customer (from the Chelyabinsk region) said: 'We rarely find such items as pails, flat-irons, saucepans, beds, or wood choppers in our shops. It is quite impossible to buy washing boards, children's baths and basins.' From Archangel came a letter saying that 'flat-irons have disappeared from the shelves.'

Millions Wasted

A leader writer in Trud of last January revealed that in Alma-Ata buyers search in vain for fashionable footwear of good quality. However, the shelves of the stores are literally breaking under unmarketable boots and shoes sewn by the Kustanaisky leather combine. The wastage of sub-standard footwear in two Moscow factories amounted to 17

million roubles worth of goods in a period of nine months. (Izvestia, November 28, 1953).

One unhappy correspondent in Izvestia told a sorry tale of nylons. She found that each time she put them on 'the sole gently came off the stocking.' She returned the product three times to the Estonian factory where the nylons were made and three times they flapped around my ankles.

Leaning Tower

Why, asked another reader in the same paper, do stocking manufacturers continue to produce dark-coloured nylons where the demand is for more fashionable light ones?

One disgruntled 'newly-wed' wrote to Pravda complaining that it took six weeks for a well-known Moscow dressmaking establishment to make her a wedding dress. And that only after she had quitted for three mornings running to place her order!

'To find a good-style hat is almost as difficult as finding a needle in a haystack,' Evening Moscow assured its readers.

Describing one hat, Evening Moscow said: 'One marvels. How could anyone think of creating such a design for a lady's hat, it is reminiscent of something between the famous leaning tower (of Pisa) and an ordinary dovecote.'

A letter writer in Trud (October 17, 1953) said that she went to a clothes repair shop in answer to an advertisement but was told that the workshop was 'full up.' Then why print the advertisement? she asked. 'Just for publicity,' came the reply.

No Laundries

In Tashkent, according to Pravda (January 2, 1954) 'it has become an inaccessible luxury to get minor dress repairs done. There is nowhere to press a suit. And there are no laundries.'

Soviet Culture complains of poor shop-window dressing and advertising techniques. 'Sometimes a customer sees only pyramids of boxes of macaroni at others mountains of tin.' It says that 'posters must speak to the customer in his own native tongue, which he understands... and appeals for the abolition of "hideous contractions" like Kozhsportgal (leather-sports-goods shop).

Determined efforts are also being made this year to make the average Soviet woman more 'clothes-conscious.' Stalin had failed to prevent the 'New Look' invented by the 'bourgeois West' from being copied by Soviet women. And now it seems that Malenkov is

trying to swim with the current fashion tide. His fashion designers are advocating a hem a few inches below the knee. Educational articles are stressing that 'outstaid' wear should be designed in sober colours with a minimum of decoration. And fewer Generals' wives are appearing at the opera with three silver fox furs!

Theatre and film actresses are given the job of 'teaching' and 'leading' to the housewife and younger generation. Lelita Berzina, a 'star' of the Latvian theatre, wrote of her alarm at being faced with one nineteen-year-old girl in a railway carriage 'with dyed blonde tresses, looking like a doll' (Komsomolskaya Pravda). The girl, said the actress, had not washed her hair for a long time in order to preserve her hair-do. Moreover, she wore high 'elegant' platform shoes, pencilled her eyebrows and used her lipstick liberally. 'I'd like to advise our youth to think less of coloured fingernails, pencilled eyebrows and lipstick and more about a fresh and pleasing appearance,' was Lelita Berzina's pious comment.

More Anomalies

A reader in Krokodil, however, wrote of some of the difficulties he had in maintaining a 'fresh and pleasing appearance.' He had to travel 44 kilometres (27 miles) to get to the nearest tailor shop! But some of the more serious difficulties facing the Soviet housewife were described in Ogonyok by S. Kozlov, the director of the Moscow Department (Department Store) when he said that a customer had only to like 'some kind of material, a well-cut suit or coat and the production of these three goods' (He put this down to poor 'consumer sense' on the part of State factories and trusts).

He also indicated another anomaly. 'How disappointing it is for children and parents alike to buy poor-quality, badly-fitting children's clothes,' he wrote. The reason for this, he said, is because factories prefer to sew clothes for adults. They get a higher price for these than for children's outfits.

At the same time, he defended factory directors from the excessive 'bureaucratic control' imposed from above. He referred to an example to some new model kettles which 'have to be passed by six different authorities before they can be put into production.'

The reasons for the Soviet housewife's troubles and disappointments are not hard to find. Malenkov himself has admitted the over-concentration in Soviet industry on 'heavy

goods' at the consumers' expense. Guns and heavy industrial equipment to produce them have come before 'high-quality goods and butter.'

Figures quoted in the official Party journal, Kommunist, show that for the period 1929-52, the State has invested five times as many milliards of roubles in heavy industry compared with its investments in light industry (including agriculture).

The balance is now to be rectified—5,850 million roubles are to be allotted this year to the Ministry of Consumer Goods compared with 3,140 million roubles last year. The increase, impressive in itself, amounts, however, to only two percent of the total capital investment in 1953.

There is no doubt of the intention on Malenkov's part and that of his 'cabinet of experts' to improve the consumers' lot. Whether this ambitious task can be completed in 'two or three years' is another matter. But the Soviet housewife will wait with impatience for the 'promised land' into which the new Moses has so confidently promised to lead her.



UNEXPECTED ROCKET TEST AT CAMBERRA

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

Do you own one of these valuable cars?

Take this precaution now to keep it 'lively' and protect it against premature old age

Ask yourself this. How much is your car worth today—how much will it be worth in 3 or 4 years' time? Will it depreciate quickly—or can you prolong its 'life' and value?

How your car loses value

Your car is only as good as its engine. Good looks are worthless unless accompanied by good engine performance. Engine wear is the enemy. When your car loses 'pep' when she flags on hills—becomes 'floppy'—unresponsive—these are the warning signs. She's getting old before her time. Losing value. Money. Unfortunately engine wear is like tooth decay—you don't know it's happening until it's happened. So what can you do? You can take one simple precaution

—but first, let's look at the cause of wear.

What causes engine wear?

To some extent—friction. That is, metal rubbing on metal. Now, all good oils give protection against friction—but engines still wear out. Shell experts wanted to know why—they 'looked for other causes. After years of patient research, they found that most wear in engines is caused by acid action—or corrosive wear. This occurs when moisture in your engine combines with combustion gases to form acids. These acids eat—yes, eat—into the metal surfaces when the engine is running cold on short journeys, when your car is at rest between runs, or overnight in your garage. As an engine cools, ordinary oils

'drain off' leaving surfaces exposed to this biting acid action.

A remarkable new oil

Shell X-100 Motor Oil, produced as the result of this intensive research into the causes of engine wear, does three things. (1) It combats acid action—or corrosive wear—by providing a constant protective film for all parts of your engine which does not 'drain off' like ordinary oils. (2) It reduces oxidation and lacquer formation—thus minimising ring-sticking, loss of power and oil consumption. (3) It has a cleansing effect on your engine—and keeps it clean. (It keeps combustion soot in suspension to be drained away with each oil change.)

Ease of mind—for you

Never before have you been able to give your engine such complete protection. Take this precaution now—change to Shell X-100 Motor Oil—it is more than an oil—it is an insurance against engine wear and the premature ageing of your car.

★ ★ ★



Shell X-100 reduces oxidation, discourages the formation of dangerous deposits and combats CORROSIVE ACID WEAR.



Shell research technicians worked for years to produce Shell X-100 Motor Oil.

What would you do in a case like this?

Suppose you were a car manufacturer. Suppose you made the Humber or the Hillman. You know you have a fine car. You want to prove it to the world. You send it on a gruelling trip, across continents, mountains, ice, snow, deserts. You must put up a sensational performance. You must not fail. Which oil would you choose for your car?

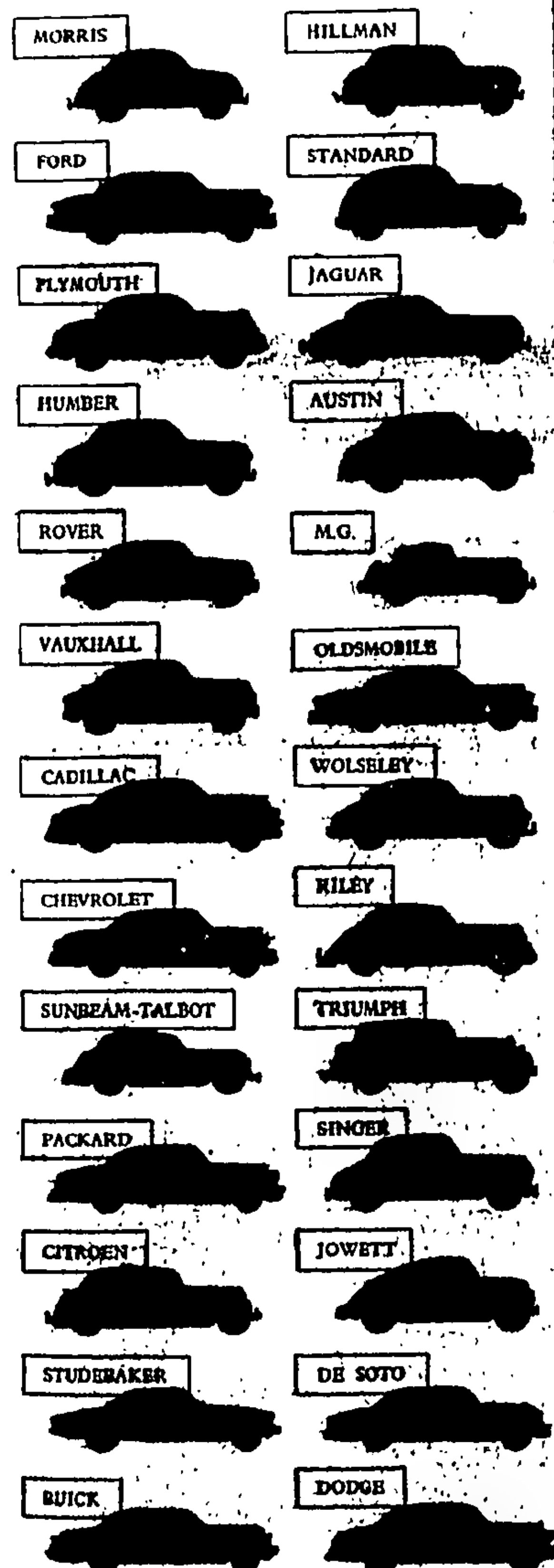
They chose Shell X-100

If your judgment were as sound as Humber, Jaguar, Austin, Hillman,

and Ford, you would choose Shell X-100—as they did when they wanted to prove the endurance and efficiency of their cars. And remember—most important—these cars were not 'specials'—they were ordinary production cars. The kind you can buy—the kind you may be driving now. Whether it was to race through 15 countries in 90 hours; hurdle round a race track for seven days and nights at over 100 m.p.h.; to win the Monte Carlo Rally or to speed to the Cape—they relied upon Shell X-100 Motor Oil.

After its 16,800-mile run in seven days and nights, the Jaguar engine was found to be in excellent condition throughout.

The same oil that you can buy at your garage today. These are facts—undeniable facts. No wonder every car manufacturer in Britain endorses Shell X-100 Motor Oil. If you value the life of your car, you too should be running on Shell X-100 Motor Oil.



There are, of course, many other excellent cars on the road today, but space prevents us from including them all.

IMPORTANT

There are five grades of Shell X-100 Motor Oil and it is important (particularly in the case of worn engines) to get the correct grade for your car. Your garage will tell you which grade your car should have.

Here are the five grades:
SHELL X-100 GRADE 10/W SHELL X-100 GRADE 20
SHELL X-100 GRADE 30/40W SHELL X-100 GRADE 40
SHELL X-100 GRADE 50

FACTS prove

ALKALINE
SHELL
X-100
MOTOR OIL

fights corrosive acid wear

MOST SECRET DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRET POLICE

By WILLIAM HAMSHER

Bonn. They fell when their chief Beria fell. The OTDEL was reconstructed again, now becoming the child of the MVD "Second Directorate," whose boss was Major-General Alexander Panyushkin, former Soviet Ambassador to Washington.

Panyushkin handed over the OTDEL to the man who is believed to be running it today, Colonel Alexander Siudnikov. The department is OTDEL, a word made up of Russian initials. They mean: "The Ninth Department for Terror and Diversion." Its mission—"special tasks" in all countries outside the Soviet Union where the Kremlin decides it shall operate.

The special tasks—sabotage, murder, kidnapping.

Growth of War

The OTDEL grew out of an MVD department which organised guerrilla activities behind the German lines during the war. Its peacetime activity was extended to include Western Germany after it had become clear that the Western Allies were remaining there. It was extended again when its activities were refashioned on a global basis. The two men in charge were Lieutenant-General Leonid Etkind and Lieutenant-General Paul Sedoplatov.

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The Training

Lubanka gaol, the OTDEL headquarters, is also a training barracks where MVD recruits learn to shoot, learn hand-to-hand combat, photography in the service of the Secret Police, shadowing suspects and the checking of passports.

The Soviet Union's champion small arms shot, Lieutenant-Colonel Gidlevski, is instructor in arms. He was invited to take part at the Olympics at Helsinki. He refused because, it is said, "capitalist competition" was too great.

Gidlevski is the man who has specialised in developing revolvers that make no noise. He runs a laboratory in Kishino, near Moscow, which produces sabotage equipment. One man experiments in poisons and drugs for the "special tasks."

The julima department is headed by "the bone breaker," alias Mikhail Kurak, one-time Soviet champion. From Lubanka, tentacles go out to the Soviet outposts—Vienna and Berlin.

In Berlin, branch headquarters is housed in St Antonius Hospital, inside the Karlshorst compound where the Russians live. Here, a team of infiltrators in the Chancellor Adenauer's West Germany are trained and briefed.

The South German network is engineered from Baden near Vienna, Austria capital. Head at Karlshorst is 35-year-old Chaplain Oleg Ivanov. He often goes to Vienna. There he is "Captain Voronov."

Last year Berlin had a full General on the OTDEL staff. His name: Kaverznev. He is now back in Moscow. He was over 50.

Today, the accent is on youth. First—Lieutenant Alexander Savintsev, one of his successors, is only 28. He has a flat in the Karlshorst compound. His wife is there, too. She is a dentist.

Wreckers Ready

"Alex" as Savintsev is known, directs MVD infiltration into the East German People's Police army. Besides liaison work with the People's Police, Alex and his assistants are also training a group of Red factory wreckers, destined for West Germany's rich industrial Ruhr. The wreckers are ready. But Moscow has so far held its hand, keeping back the order for an advance on the West. This information and more is now in the hands of American Intelligence officers.

The Americans have passed it on to the British and the disclosure concerning the threat to the Ruhr have gone to Chancellor Adenauer's own Intelligence organisation.

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"Considering all things, darling, I've come to the conclusion that smoking's worth the risk."

THE MAGICIANS INTERVENED IN A DUEL—Result: Nobody Hurt

THE FIRST DECADENT.
By James Laver, Faber and Faber. 25s. 283 pages.

FOR a departmental chief in the French Ministry of the Interior, whose job it was to expel undesirable aliens from the country, M. Boris Karl Huysmans kept decidedly curious company.

His conception of his duties as a salaried official of the Republic was correspondingly peculiar.

He consorted first with men of letters and women of the town, then with occultists and practitioners of Black Magic. At last he fled in panic to the Church.

When he was writing one of his books, he did so in office hours, declining firmly to deal with departmental files until his literary task was completed.

His civil service colleagues, whom he regarded with open contempt, were disgusted when they saw the heads of his seniors—Huysmans was made a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur. They objected because he had written some novels which were (in the opinion of the photographic books section of the Ministry) more than dubious in moral tone.

BOOKS
by . . . GEORGE
MALCOLM THOMSON

between the muzzle of a revolver and the foot of the Cross. Huysmans's colleagues at the Ministry, if they had read the book, would have considered that another alternative was not to be overlooked—the lunatic asylum.

Huysmans now took up with the occultists, among whom a hostile magician (a Hungarian marquis), Huysmans refused to fight. But then a friend took up his cause. Powerful incantations were uttered on each side. They were not without effect.

The horse taking on, combatant to the field of honour stood paralysed and all a-tremble for 20 minutes. The bullet refused to leave the pistol of his adversary. Since in the end, neither party was injured, each school of magic could claim a moral victory.

Black Mass

News of this sensational business having got about, Huysmans was pestered by callers at the Ministry. A countess insisted he should escort her to a Black Mass. The Archbishop of Colombo, temporarily at variance with the Church, offered unlimited supplies of consecrated wafers for the Black Mass. Huysmans kept two keys to his desk, one labelled "bores," the other "lunatics."

Fearing that he was going to pieces morally, he began to attend church and tried life in a succession of monasteries, always hoping to find one where the music and the company would be to his taste. But his genius for seeking out the eccentric did not desert him after conversion.

Some of the richest pages of comedy in Laver's story concern an abbess who influenced him deeply, Mme. Bruyere. She had the convenient capacity of being in two places at the same time and the imprudence to encourage "mystical love affairs" between her nuns and the monks of the neighbouring monastery of Spolmes. She was saved from the wrath of the Vatican through her friendships in royal circles.

Devoting his last years to writing the life of a Dutch saint of appalling austerity and to

'Two disgusts'

Credulous, talented, eccentric, more than a little vicious Huysmans is a significant French writer of the end of last century. And, although nobody in Britain is ever likely to read one of his extravagant books, Laver's biography, sympathetic and ironical, brings to life a strange, interesting personality.

Huysmans (born Paris, 1848) became a civil servant in order to avoid becoming a lawyer. "Of two disgusts, I chose the lesser." He began his literary career as a young disciple of the "Naturalist" school founded by Zola. In theory, "Naturalism" consisted of faithful, detailed description of the world as it was; in practice it was faithful only to the seamy side of that world.

Bringing acute sensibilities to the task, his nostrils quivering "as they sniffed everything that had a bad smell," Huysmans wrote two studies of working-class girls living on the verge of prostitution—a favourite subject of research among the Naturalists. But he had no real interest in slums and social problems; still less desire to reform them.

Alternatives

His next novel concerned a perverse aristocrat who turned his back on reality to dwell in a world of the imagination. This fictitious personage kept gaily coloured fish in an aquarium filled with coloured water, the fish could come to no harm; they were made of metal.

Having read this feverish work, a critic remarked that Huysmans had now to choose

vitriolic attacks on the architecture of Lourdes. Huysmans died in 1907. His last action was to dictate the invitations to his own funeral. For once, the first decadent behaved like an efficient civil servant.

THE SPANISH TEMPER. By V. S. Pritchett. Chatto and Windus. 15s. 219 pages.

THIS is something more than a book of travel in Spain, of meetings with Spaniards. It is rather an inquiry into the meaning of the word "Spanish," which is not simply geographical, or racial, or religious. It is not "European," yet it cannot be explained away as "African." It is an unseen connective tissue uniting bullfights and gipsy music, stupid governments and reactionary landlords, a building like the Escorial (magnificent but hardly sane) and the 20th-century cathedral at Barcelona (completely mad).

In search of this elusive common factor, Pritchett riffs over Spain, sharpening his gift for phrase on scenes and persons, probing into the crevices of the national character—the morbid laziness, the immortal pride. He has taken with him as travelling companion a sound Liberal disapproval: there is much in Spain that needs reform; much that is changing too rapidly and in the wrong direction.

But he has also brought liking, enjoyment, belief in the Spanish people. In the end, these qualities give special charm and understanding to his admirable modern portrait of a great and difficult nation.

LIBRARY LIST

● THE GOOD FOOD GUIDE, 1954. Raymond Postgate. Cassell. 5s. 408 pages. Gastronomic geography of Great Britain, proving that both starvation and dyspepsia can be avoided by the thoughtful student. Book that fulfils an important and unselfish civilising mission.

● LEON BLOY. BY Rayner Heppenstall. Boves and Boves. 6s. 62 pages. Leon Bloy (briefly, witty, introduced by Heppenstall) was a French Catholic writer (died 1917) whose Christianity had a highly individual flavour, e.g. learning of the loss of the Titanic, he wrote, "Millionaires have been drowned . . . the sweetest solution."

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

UNNATURAL WAVE. How many of those pretty curly heads hair one sees are naturally wavy?

Less than half, according to Mr J. Eaton, resident of the National Hairdressers' Federation, who had been checking up on the subject.

Thirty per cent of Britain's women, Mr Eaton told a meeting of the Federation at Swansea, went last year to a hairdresser for a permanent wave. Another 21 per cent had a home perm.

Altogether, Britain's womenfolk spent £80,000,000 on cosmetics, he said.

Men's haircuts presented no difficulty for the trade, he added.

Thousands of young fellows wanted to look like Hollywood film actor Tony Curtis or like a Prussian officer—Erich von Stroheim, for instance.

And if that was the way they wanted it, well, that was the style they were given. No extra charge, unless the "do" was extra special.

JAPANESE A Japanese style "Kinsey Report" is in the process of being completed by Professor Torii of Japan's Saltama University. The Professor has been in constant touch with Professor Kinsey during his three years of investigations into the sex life of Japanese.

So far Professor Torii has interviewed over a thousand Japanese men and women using the Kinsey technique. He has discovered that 90 per cent of Japanese husbands have "relationships" outside their homes, and that 85 per cent of Japanese bachelors and 5 per cent of Japanese husbands have homosexual tendencies.

WHO DOES THE WORK AND FEMINITY rarely (if ever) go together comes from Italy where, in the north strictly feminine signorinas wear silk and satins, nylons and high-heeled shoes—and leave the jobs to their menfolk.

In the south, however, the average signorina does a signor's work and squads a girl's build. She works barefoot in the fields and carries weights more in line with weight-lifters than with teenage signorinas.

Nor do they find much equality for all their labours. Instead, their menfolk relax, and it is a common sight in the South to see an Italian sitting lazily in the sun wearing a large sombrero—and ordering his womenfolk to work in the fields, in rags and using long-handled hoes to peck at the hard soil for 10 hours a day.

Nor do their labours end with the work in the fields. The supervising signor sees to it that a meal is waiting for him within half an hour (or less) of their return home. And it is too!

MARRIAGE A priest in Mexico City who recently asked a wedding congregation whether they knew of any cause or just impediment for not completing the marriage ceremony discovered to his consternation that someone did know such a thing. The "someone" was the still legally-married wife of the would-be bridegroom. What in more she was carrying her baby in her arms. Before the priest could cancel the ceremony the complainant's friends were causing havoc in the church.

Someone thoughtfully phoned the police and gave a statement. Mexican arrived in a jeep. They took one look at the light—and called for reinforcements by radio. Not until 10 jeep-loads of riot squad men had broken their way into the milling congregation was anything like order restored.

Finally, when peace reigned again, the priest asked the wife why she had not come forward before if she knew of the wedding.

"I didn't want to stop him marrying someone else," she said. "I just thought it would be interesting to see what would happen."

RED WAR AFTERMATH now five years since the Communists were defeated in the war in Greece, dramas resulting from that campaign are still being enacted. Two occurred last week when an ex-officer of the Greek Army beheaded his mother with a sword and threw her body into a nearby ditch, keeping the head as a memento.

Arrested, he confessed to the killing. "I killed her because she was a Communist—and I never liked Communists."

Within hours of the officer's arrest, a hand-grenade exploded in another Greek village, killing five people and seriously wounding another six. The hand-grenade thrower turned out to be an Army enthusiast who discovered that friends in his village were all Communist-inclined.

"I remembered what the Communists did to my countrymen during the war—and I suddenly lost my temper and threw the grenade."

AWKWARD Mr Sadao Iguchi, Japan's new, able and ambitious Ambassador in Washington is already getting himself talked about in diplomatic circles in

America. Mr Iguchi's polished manner, it appears, is talking about to himself, during a conference.

Colleagues of the Ambassador who have sat with him around the conference table explain that this is not disconcerting until Mr Iguchi gets excited about something. He is then apt to drown the words of whoever happens to be speaking officially at that moment.

Matters are also complicated when Question Time comes around. It is not the generally accepted rule that delegates should stand when raising a point for discussion, and as Mr Iguchi is talking all the time his colleagues find it difficult to know if he is meant to be talking or is just thinking.

Unusually, when someone raises the question of his unassuming habit, Mr Iguchi merely explains that he himself is the one to suffer if anyone. "You may all be thinking all manner of things about me—and I'd never know!" At this reply his colleagues usually drift diplomatically away.

SEARCH FOR ROYAL BRIDE Japan's imperial household is busy looking for a bride for Crown Prince Akihito. So far 10 "possibles" have been lined up and may, at any moment, be chosen for the special two-year pre-marriage course in court etiquette and other ceremonials all of which must be learned by "any future Empress of Japan."

Apart from this period of essential royal education, the Prince's bride should also be from two to five years younger than her royal husband. The late Emperor Teisho (grandfather of Crown Prince Akihito) was 20 when he became engaged to the 16-year-old Empress Teimei. They were married two years later. Emperor Hirohito's own engagement was announced when he was 18 and the present press, Nagako was 16. Their engagement lasted six years.

Because of these precedents, the selected girl from whom the Crown Prince (just 20) may make his final choice, are believed to be not older than 18 and some only 14. There are rumours that the imperial household couple would like a future Empress to have experience of "Western life and customs."

HAPPY DOGS "It's a Dog's Life"—but not in California. In America's Golden State of stars, stunts and sunshine, dogs—says Dr Robert Stocking, a local vet—are so happy that one dog wouldn't notice a two-tailed dog if it saw one.

Dogs in California (also according to the canine expert) are "more down-to-earth, realistic, direct and straightforward" than dogs anywhere else on earth. They also sense when things go wrong, and to beat your wife in front of a Californian dog will worry it no end.

"If you want your dog to be normal," says the doctor, "give it a normal home. Dogs are just as much affected by their surroundings as humans." Finally, if you're too late and your dog has already gone completely crazy, walks backwards and talks to itself, then send it to a psychologist. A dog psychologist, of course. If you don't know where to find one, there are three in California. Where else?

Kangaroo dance sweeps the U.S.A.

NEW YORK: A new dance, "Roo Roo Kangaroo," threatens to push the rumba, mambo, the creep, fox-trot and the waltz into the background and take over as the U.S.A.'s No. 1 dance craze.

It is a mad medley that combines the American bar dance, the Cuban rumba with the Australian aboriginal corroboree chant.

The infectious chant of the "Roo Roo Kangaroo" was introduced for the first time last year, and since then has been popular in every city where orchestras have introduced it.

Crowds are dancing to it at such popular places as Manhattan's Rainbow Room, the Hotel Roosevelt, the Astor Hotel Roof, and in ballrooms in Detroit, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Boston.

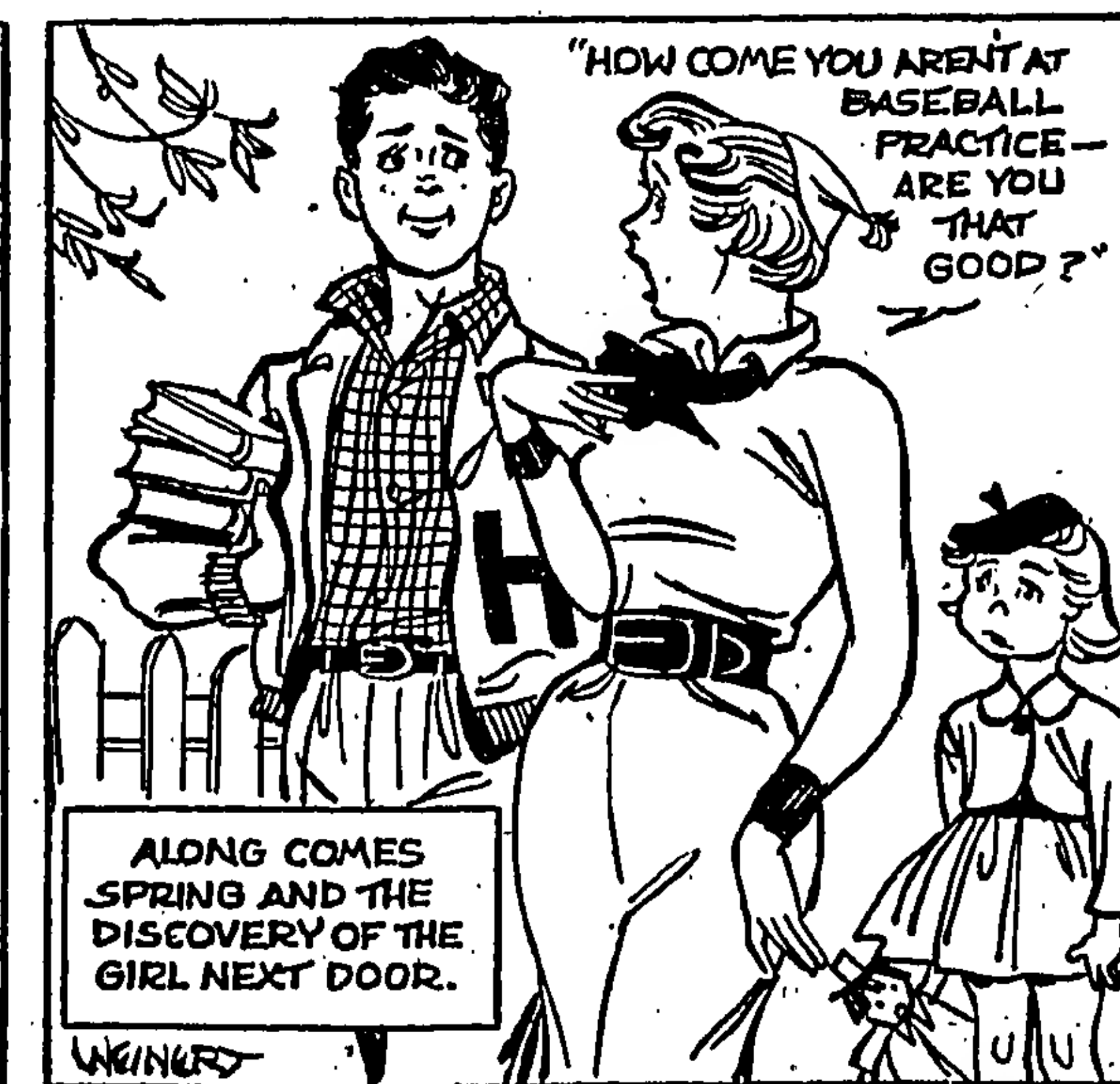
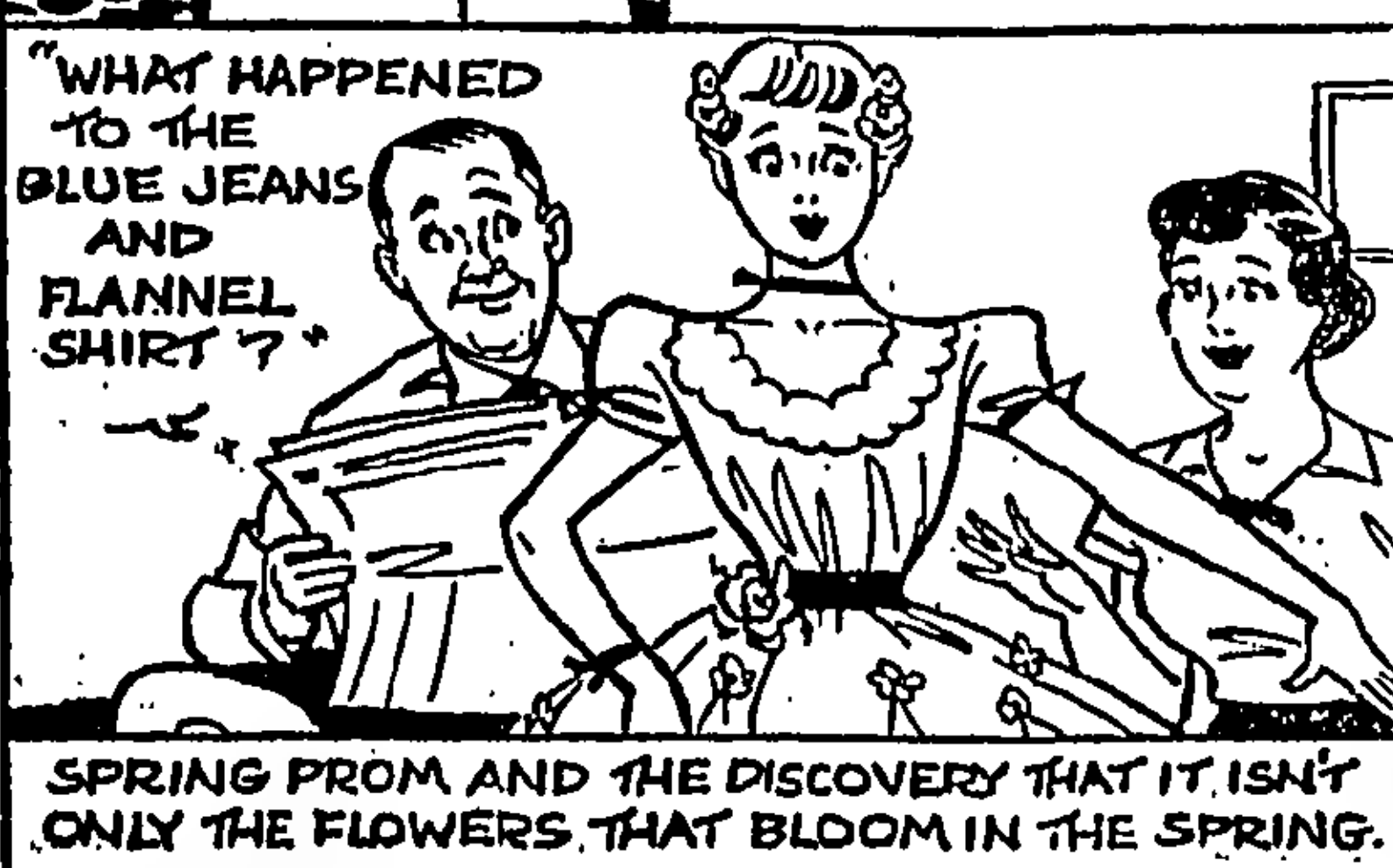
At New York's Manhattan centre, the dance, caught by the medley's exuberance, swept out into the street screaming "Roo Roo Kangaroo," stopping traffic before police squad cars could herd them back into the ballroom.

Its creator, a personable 30-year-old, wild leader, and trumpet player Jimmy Jones, said he "discovered" the rumba in a dream. Part of the

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Discoveries That Bloom In The Spring

BY HARRY WEINERT



ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

Tribute To Hutton For Maintaining Unbeaten Record As Captain

Let me now pay tribute to Len Hutton for maintaining his splendid record of not having lost a series since he assumed the England captaincy in 1952.

England's first professional captain of the modern era has disposed of India, beaten the Australians and, by virtue of a magnificent rally, squared the series with the powerful West Indians.

Few could have given him any chance after losing the opening two Tests at Kingston and Barbados and to come from behind, as it were, constitutes one of the greatest recoveries in Test cricket.

I have seen England's achievement in the West Indies hailed as an even better performance than the recovery of the Ashes after a lapse of twenty years and I think there is such to be said for the point having regard to the undeniable strength of the West Indians in their own conditions and on their own wickets, plus the fact that England lost the toss four out of five times.

By the law of averages Hutton, now the lower of the two nine times out of ten, should look forward to a successful time with the coin in the home series with Pakistan and again in Australia.

But however deep the satisfaction of holding the West Indians there are still several problems to be ironed out before the team sets off to Australia in September. Not because I am a bowler but because facts speak for themselves the paces centre around the batting which seems to me not so strong as the bowling.

There are some fine young batsmen pressing their claims notably two amateurs, Colin Cowdrey of Kent and Peter Richardson of Worcestershire. Their progress will be followed with more than usual interest.

FAR GREATER STRENGTH

Although as I say England has problems to solve I think

it is fair to say we have a side of far greater potential strength than we had when we last went to Australia in 1950-51.

Then we did not even have a captain until late July. Now however for all the early tour criticism in the West Indies Hutton seems to have emerged with an even stinger bolt on the reins of the England captaincy.

In one department at least England seems to have a wealth of up and coming talent.

I refer to fast bowlers Brian Statham and Freddie Trueman who have come home from the West Indies with creditable performances, particularly Statham. And challenging them for passages to Australia are Alan Moss of Middlesex, Peter Loader of Surrey and Frank Tyson of Northants.

FASTEST BOWLER

By reputation Tyson for three overs is the fastest bowler in the land and having spent the winter building up his strength it will be interesting to see whether he can maintain his speed for longer periods.

He must have benefited from telling tales and if his stamina has improved he must surely be a candidate. Here are four young men capable of back bowling—and to think only a few years ago we were bemoaning the fact that there was

not a single bowler of authentic pace in England!

AS FIT AS EVER

I recently started net practice at the Oval and am feeling as fit as ever I have done in my entire career. Winter training has kept me in good physical shape and I am looking forward to the new season with a keenness that I have not felt for some years.

A winter's rest from cricket has done me a world of good and I am going to do my level best to earn a place in the M.C.C. team to Australia. Competition is now happily keen and no player can say his place is certain. This is a good thing for it keeps one trying hard all the time and gets the best out of all established and potential internationals.

Then there is the matter of the county championship and we in Surrey are going to strive for our utmost to win the title for the third time in succession.

I think competition is going to be keener than ever with probably Lancashire and Yorkshire providing the greatest threat to Surrey's aspirations. It looks as though it will be a real North v South fight for honours.

SPORTS SURVEY

By All-Rounder

SIR IVANHOE & THE DUKE ARE NO GENTLEMEN
The customers in the Swan Hotel, Weymouth Heath, Birmingham, respectively made way at the bar for Sir Ivanhoe, who had a decided preference for stout, and The Duke, who was, by gosh, sticking to his usual pint of mild.

The drinks were downed somewhat hastily, and then they pushed their glasses away with their noses. The charge went "on the slate".

Customers agreed that gentlemen didn't really do this, but then The Duke and Sir Ivanhoe are no gentlemen.

They are two crack greyhounds belonging to Belshazzar Mrs. Carla Gittings, wife of the licensee whose "backyard" kennels have won her a high reputation as a successful dog owner on Midland tracks in the last three years.

These two dogs enjoy their daily liquor "on the house" as part of their training routine and are quite the biggest tippers of the kennels, unless it be The Countess Lorna they are both awfully sweet on, but who would sooner have a nice drop of port any time.

Darling of the kennels is Rawangi Lily, who rarely visits the bar and "never touches the stuff." Recently, she became the holder of a new title in greyhound racing.

Lily's track career has been a series of misadventures, despite her reputation for being one of the best workers and bribe Midland tracks have ever seen. So the Greyhound Association have presented her owner with a miniature trophy and Lily with the title of "Chiderella Dog of the Midlands."

That is why The Duke and Sir Ivanhoe are finding The Countess Lorna somewhat moody these days.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Draft Programmes and Entry Forms for the 12th Race Meeting 1953/54 to be held on Saturday 22nd May, 1954, (weather permitting), may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday 11th May, 1954.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

Footballer Of Year



Preston North End captain, Tom Finney who led his team in the FA Cup Final at Wembley last Saturday, with the Footballer of the Year Trophy after the presentation at the Press Club two days before the match. Finney was elected by the Football Writers' Association.

Colony Opens 38th Lawn Bowls League Season Today

By TOUCHER

Hongkong opens its 38th league season this afternoon with a promise of good bowls at least by the 23 or so players who are aspiring to represent the Colony in the Empire Games in Vancouver.

Unlike in previous years, the league will start with only first and second division matches, with the third division being left to commence on May 29.

There will be nine teams competing in the first division as in last year but missing among them will be Taikeo Club whose place has been taken by the Recreio second division champion team, and Hongkong Football Club who have been substituted by the Philippine Club.

It will be difficult to evaluate the chances of the different teams at this early stage of the season, but starting as favourites will undoubtedly be the holders, Recreio. Most of the other clubs have been generally weakened by the inability of some of their best players to take an active part this season.

Indian Recreation Club lost their most valuable player U. M. Omar during the course of the year and Craigengower will start the season without R. W. Bradbury. Fred Macfarlane is a doubtful starter for KCC and it seems that the Championship aspirations of these clubs will depend greatly on the form of the crop of youngsters that will be called upon to fill the ranks. Two clubs which are probably not so badly affected are Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Police Recreation Club, and these are likely to be well in the fore this season.

Although four first division matches are scheduled for today, two have been postponed and the only games played will be those between Kowloon Docks and Recreio White and Indian Recreation Club and Police.

UNKNOWN QUANTITY
Kowloon Docks will again be an unknown quantity but have in past seasons invariably put up a better than average team. Unless this year is an exception, they should be able to have a slight edge over the weaker of the two Recreio entries, the Recreio White, especially with the advantage of a home green.

The Police are a much stronger team than they were last year, and I am afraid Indian Recreation Club will not find them as easy to dispose of as in previous years. A close game is expected with the Indians probably just able to make it.

The Second Division which has this year attracted 10 entries should provide some

very keen competition. Although some of their best players will not be available this season, Taikeo, who were in the first division last year, are considered to be the strongest candidates for the Championship honours.

The strongest challenge will probably come from Recreio and the dark-horse of the league this year, USRC.

Taikeo will have IRC as their first opponents this afternoon and will I think get away with a 4-1 decision if they do not allow themselves to be beaten by their own inability to adjust themselves to an away green.

OLD RIVALS

The Craigengower-Recreio match at Happy Valley will see the renewal of the very close rivalry between the two clubs' third division teams of last year. Craigengower, however, with the strain of putting up an additional third team this season is a slightly depleted side and may find the well-balanced Recreio rivals just a shade too strong for them.

Although Hongkong Football Club were in the first division last year, they will be playing this season with less than half of their last year's first team players.

USRC, fresh from their triumph over an almost full-strength KBGC side last week, can be a hard nut to crack and are more likely than not to bring home with them at least three points from this match.

Some big scores are not unlikely in these opening matches this afternoon and to those at the scoring end here is some welcome news. Messrs. Gande Price have intimated that their long-standing offer of one bottle of whisky for a seven and two bottles for an eight will hold good again this season in league and championship matches.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
KCC v. PRC
KBGC v. KCC (Postponed)
Recreio "Blue" v. CCC (Postponed)
FC (bye).

Second Division
CCC v. Recreio
HKFC v. USRC
IRC v. TC
PRC v. HKCC
KBGC v. KCC (Postponed).

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

Strenuous Play At Asian Games May Influence League Title Destination

By I. M. MacTAVISH

The present lull in our football has served to take the edge off the public interest and it will be difficult to rekindle any real enthusiasm when the league competition is resumed after a two-week break.

The position at the top of the league is still complicated and the crowds will pretty certainly turn out to see those games which involve the South China and KMB sides while they may even roll up to see the Kitchee-Armey clash because they remember the excitement attached to the previous two meetings between the teams.

For the remainder however it looks like the season will finish on a dismal fizzle-out with games taking place merely to honour commitments.

It may well be that the strenuous play of the current series of matches at the Asian Games will have an important influence on the eventual destination of the league championship.

K.M.B. and South China both have many players involved in these matches and as reports indicate that some of the play has been pretty rough they will be lucky indeed if their players come through without injury.

I have just received a letter from one who is attending the Games and I am told that one of the first points to be noted there was that much of the refereeing was of a very poor standard.

According to my correspondent the interpretation of the offside rule and also the decision as to what is and what is not a legitimate tackle leaves a lot to be desired.

This would seem to be confirmation of the implication in some of the agency cables that there was much dissatisfaction with the decisions allowing and disallowing goals in the early matches played.

This variation in the interpretation of rules is one of the biggest obstacles in the real development of international football, for very often there is dissatisfaction no matter which way decision is given because the players on opposite sides do not understand the rules the same way.

It should be remembered that this is not a case of right or wrong... it is a question of custom. Through the years there is a gradual inculturation of the rules and players get to know them by usage rather than by the right or wrong of a text-book. By this means rules tend to become localised. They take on a touch of local colour in the same way as a language becomes dotted with peculiar regional colloquialisms, and for the same reason they are often difficult for the "stranger" to appreciate.

FAMOUS EXAMPLE

A famous example of this was given a few years ago when Scotland played Austria on the continent. Some of the decisions of the referee appeared strange to the visitors and one of the

officials said so in no uncertain fashion in the presence of one of his Austrian counterparts.

His comment drew a reply that is still quoted to British players before they set off on a continental tour. He said "... this is Austria and these are the rules as we see them... when we come to Glasgow we shall try to see them your way...."

This is an attitude that is all too familiar in international football and it will remain one of the big obstacles in the building up of intimate football relationships because far too often international games finish up with one or other of the sides firmly convinced that under their rules the score would have been very different.

Two other points have come out of that part of the football world which is at the moment centred in Manila. The first of these is that some folks want to fix up games for their teams before they return home... and the second is the suggestion for the formation of an Asian Football Organisation.

In the interest of our players I sincerely hope that, whatever the circumstances, our legislators will not allow themselves to be talked into any more games for this season. We have played too much soccer already.

Our players have long ago reached the soccer saturation point and to ask them to play still more games would be as unfair to them as it would be a disservice to the game here in the Colony. It is a wise body of men who know when to call "enough".

DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND

The reasons behind the suggestion for the formation of an Asian football body is difficult to understand... not so much in the idea itself as in just what such a body could do that cannot be achieved by the present set-up.

The Short And Long Of It



A scene from the basketball semi-final match between the Philippines and Korea. Korea lost 54-45. Short Ahn Byung Suk of Korea is seen trying to carry the ball away from 6' 7" Mariano Tominato.

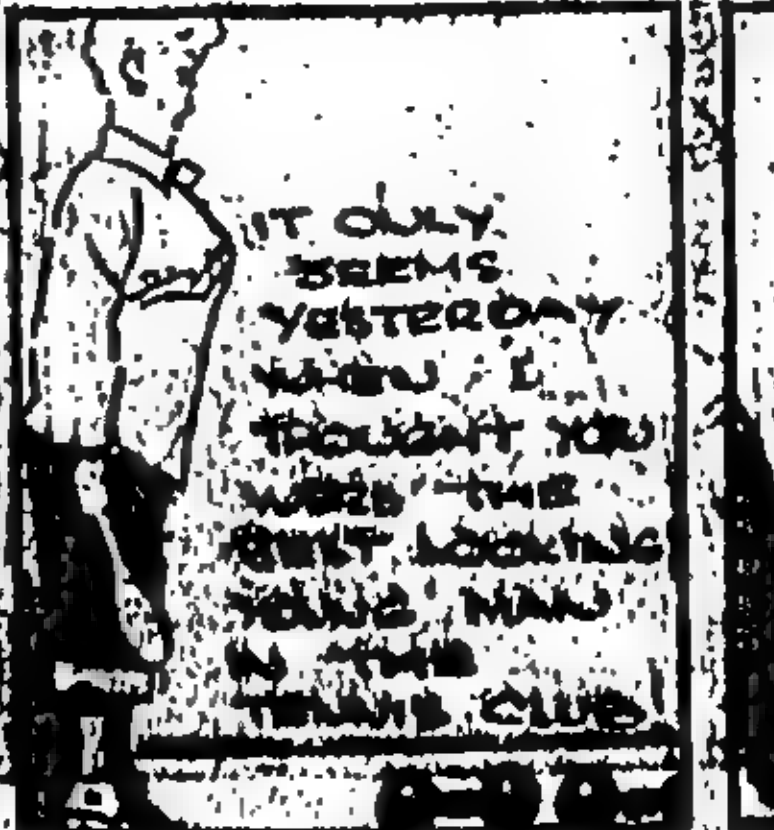
When Sport Is A Sin

The Reverend W. B. Makin, incumbent of St David's Evangelical Church, Preston, was one of the special constables detailed to help direct the heavy traffic from Preston and neighbouring coastal towns bound for the Preston W.B.A. Cup Final at Wembley, but he was one of their bitterest critics.

In his Parish Letter, Mr Makin wrote to his flock: "Yes, I know I am asking for trouble, particularly if Preston North End bring home the Cup, but whatever the sport may be, if we give to it the paramount place in our lives it becomes a sin."

A lover of a good game of football, Mr Makin says he is constantly surprised at the number of good church members who cannot get out of bed in time for eight o'clock Communion, but who could get up at a much earlier hour for a day's fishing or motoring. He adds: "I have even heard it said we should arrange our church activities to fit in with the engagements of the local football team. How many there are who manage to pay about £4 or even more to attend Wembley but think that a couple is good enough to give to God. This, of course, applies not only to football, but to any other form of sport."

POP



SECOND SERIES OF GOLF ARTICLES

If Only Players Could Cut The Slice Out Of Their Game....

By BERNARD HUNT
(Britain's 1953 Top Money Winner)

If some handicap players I know could cut the slice out of their game they would slide down the handicap list as if they were on an express lift.

I would say the slice is probably the commonest of all the faults in the game especially for beginners and long handicap players. The better players get spasms of it, too, but, mostly, they know how it is caused and, therefore, how to cure it.

There is no reason why a player should not pass on the secret. I think the first thing to understand is how the slice is produced. If we understand that we can understand the steps needed to get rid of it.

Mainly it comes from one of two things. First, it can be produced by bringing the club-head across the ball from outside to in—at the point of impact. Or it can come from striking straight through with the club-face open at impact.

If your slice comes from an open face, you will probably note that the ball travels straight down the centre of your line for a while and then cuts away at the end. If your slice comes from the cut-across fault it is more likely to start down the left of your line and fade steadily rightwards.

FAULTY GRIPS
The open-face fault is very simply cured. Nine times out of ten it comes from careless lining up with the club or from

a faulty grip. Many a time I have seen the handicap player leave the face of his club wide open—especially a wooden club—as he is addressing it. Psychologically he is thinking about getting the ball up in his shot and is giving a plenty of face. The astonishing thing is that he doesn't realise he is doing it.

Alternatively he has let his right hand creep too far over the shaft—probably due to the gradual idiosyncrasy of getting comfortable—so that when he swings normally at the ball his grip has the effect of opening the club-face for him.

Clearly, therefore, you have to check up on this open face business at the stance and also about the grip. As you can see from the illustration, I have the simplest of all the golf grips and I am certain it is the best one.

I just take up my club, put my palms together—one each side of the shaft—and take a

perfectly natural grip. The back of my left hand is straight in line with the hole and so is the palm of my right. Although you can't see it in my picture, my left thumb goes well down the shaft and I have a pretty good grip on the club with the fingers of my left hand.

It is essentially a simple, natural grip. Which is a good thing. For the grip—the hands—is the centre point of every shot in the game. As soon as you get complications in it your troubles multiply.

IN TO OUT

What I call the slicer's grip is one of the commonest of these complications. The right hand is too far over the top of the shaft—probably without the striker realising it—and the result is that the club is brought into the strike of the ball with the club face wide open.

So check these two points first of all—your club face at the address and your grip at the address. And remember that if you let even a little fault develop in either it can have a mighty big result—probably involving hours of searching in the rough.

The victim of the cut-across or outside-to-in fault has more thought to put in and more work to do to get his cure. But here again I say you must check on your grip, your club head position, your stance—keep it square—and concentrate on trying to hit the proper way—from IN TO OUT.

A lot of people go wrong right at the beginning of their swing. They tend to start their back swing by taking the club-head away from the ball on the OUTSIDE arc. That, immediately, gets them off line and brings them back into the ball with a cutting action. The thing to do is take the club-head straight back from the ball. You might even try taking it very slightly inside the straight line.

FOLLOW THROUGH

Having started right the next thing is to pivot properly. Make sure you have a full turn of your shoulders and when you start your down-swing see to it that your left shoulder leads the movement and that you keep your right elbow well into your right side. If you can take a club in your hand right now and try it you will see that it does keep you on the inside-to-out swing. The vital thing is, however, to make sure your right shoulder does not come forward as you swing down. If you allow that to happen you ruin the whole thing, for it means that the club head will be thrown out and you will be back to the old problem of cutting across the ball at impact.

The next vital thing is to follow-through with your shot making the club-head go right through towards the hole. This is an absolute "must" for every shot in golf. Don't collapse when you've hit the ball; keep the club going through. It doubles your effective hitting power.

Grip Wrong



This is the slicer's grip. The right hand is too far over the shaft. When the club is brought into the ball the face is too often left wide open. The simplest grip is best.

Grip Correct



This is the simplest of all golf grips—and the best. I put my palms together, one each side of the shaft and grip naturally. The back of my left hand faces the hole and so does the palm of my right.

In every shot, too, you must maintain a firm grip on the club. That doesn't mean seizing it like a hammer. But you must grip it with sufficient power to maintain effective control throughout every phase of your shot. So the main points are—check your grip, your stance, pivot properly, hit on the inside-to-out arc, and follow through to the hole. In case there are one or two points in this article which may not be completely clear to you why not go along to your local professional and chat to him about it. He'll be only too glad to help.

America Expects Another Olympic Triumph Through Superior Coaching

New York, May 6.

American Olympic officials realise that Russia will be a strong threat for unofficial team honours in the 1956 Olympics, but believe that superior American coaching, starting in high school and carrying through the colleges, will give the USA another triumph.

"America is deeper in good high school coaching and better in college coaching," said Kenneth (Tug) Wilson, President of the United States Olympic Committee, as he, Dan Ferris of the Amateur Athletic Union and Lyman Bingham, US Olympic Committee executive secretary, discussed the 1956 Pan-American Games to be held at Mexico City and the 1956 Melbourne Olympics.

"The American boys get good coaching as they enter high school at 13 years of age and it gets better as they go through college," Mr Wilson noted. "Americans also have somewhat of a corner on technical knowledge, but other nations are catching up." He was referring mostly to track and field and to swimming events.

"We expect that 80 to 90 per cent of the USA Olympic team will be made up of college athletes who will have to miss a semester's school to go to Melbourne," Mr Wilson said. "However, we are not forgetting there are many good athletes in the military services, and we are getting plenty of co-operation from the services in athletic events."

The 1956 Games will be held from November 22 to December 8, an awkward time for American college athletes. The season in America ends in June, and the new college term starts in September.

"We will select our team in June, as usual, and perhaps

there will be time trials in October to make sure the athletes have stayed in good condition," said Mr Wilson.

SIZE OF TEAMS
Mr Bingham discussed the size of the teams.

"At the International Olympic Committee meeting in Athens this month we will try to limit the size of the squads," he said. "At Helsinki in 1952 there were 970 athletes who never competed at all. We simply must cut down, not only due to the expense but also because of the housing problems. Perhaps each country should be allowed only one man in each event, or some team eliminations could be held before the Games start at Melbourne."

He noted that for the USA it will cost \$450 per athlete to go to the 1956 Pan-American Games at Mexico City, \$1,000 per athlete to go to the 1956 Winter Olympics at Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, and \$1,900 per athlete for Melbourne.

Mr Ferris, just returned from the Central American Games at Mexico City, praised the sports facilities there, noting that all of them are of first-rate international calibre, and said that North American athletes will have to get to Mexico City a week early to get used to the altitude.—United Press.

Who is YOUR H.K. FOOTBALLER OF THE YEAR?

NEVER before has there been so much public interest in Hongkong soccer than during the season now ending. And never before has the Colony boasted so many talented players—players who have given tens of thousands of soccer "fans" clever and thrilling exhibitions of their prowess in this greatest of all local field sports.

The China Mail has, therefore, decided to organise among the followers and supporters of local soccer a Gallup Poll to determine, by popular vote,

Hongkong's Footballer of the Year.

China Mail readers are cordially invited to fill in the form below, nominating whom they regard as the Colony's outstanding footballer of the current season.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to The Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street, Hongkong. Entries will close on MONDAY, MAY 10.

The result will be announced on Saturday, May 15.

To the Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

Signed

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS... by BARRY APPLEY



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S. "ASCANIUS"	—	1st June
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

ZOO'S WHO



THE EUROPEAN HEDGEHOG, OFTEN CALLED A PORCUPINE, IS IN NO WAY RELATED TO THE PORCUPINE FAMILY...

MOths HAVE BEEN SEEN FLYING OVER THE OCEAN NEARLY A THOUSAND MILES FROM LAND...

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST FISH, A DWARF PYGMY SPECIES FROM THE PHILIPPINES, IS ONLY TWO-FIFTHS OF AN INCH LONG AND SIXTEEN THOUSAND OF THEM WOULD WEIGH ABOUT A POUND...

A FEAST OF PUZZLES

Changelings

BELOW is a list of animals. Put a short word or part of a word before each animal to make the meaning given. Here are the answers for the first two to give you the idea.

No. 1 is **TIFFINOUSE**
A good score for this rather difficult game would be 18 to 20.

CHANGE TO

1. Mouse—A small bird related to the nut hatch.
2. Cow—A Polish city.
3. Dog—Frankfurter on a roll.
4. Crow—A figure set up outdoors to frighten birds away from crops.
5. Bug—To cheat or deceive.
6. Bug—An incendiary.
7. Horse—Used when cutting up wood.
8. Rabbit—A cheese dish served on toast.
9. Lion—A yellow wild flower.
10. Cur—To agree.
11. Bat—Conflict, strife.
12. Cow—A Russian city.
13. Deer—A kind of glove.
14. Bear—To endure.
15. Pappy—A sort of pancake.
16. Sole—Comfort, encouragement.
17. Pike—A road having a toll-gate.
18. Mare—A bad dream.
19. Hawk—An Indian ax.
20. Drake—A wild plant.
21. Jay—A concealed ally person.
22. Rat—A card game.
23. Ox—A cunning fluid.
24. Goose—A snake-killing animal of India.
25. Frog—An outdoor game.
26. Pigeon—An informer.
27. Horse—Frame on which to hang laundry.

Israeli Crossword



Israeli Triangle

MEDINAT Israel is the name of the country of our puzzle man's visit which makes him hang his triangle from the native word. The second word is "a newspaper official"; third, "ate"; fourth, "a Roman road"; fifth, "to bow slightly"; and sixth, "a measure of area." Now you finish the triangle from these clues:

ACROSS

- 1 Sprite
- 2 Sort for Louise
- 3 Seek information
- 7 Incline the head
- 10 Towards
- 11 Opposite of yes
- 12 Finish
- 14 Part of the body
- 15 Fuss
- 17 At this time

DOWN

- 1 Animal
- 2 Exclamation
- 3 Pleasure
- 5 Have eaten
- 6 Boy
- 8 Number
- 9 Animal
- 13 Short for Daniel
- 14 Opposite of high
- 16 Opposite of do not

Coded Message

Here's a puzzle where a simple code is used for the correct letters. Just as a hint, the fourth word is **ISRAEL**. Now see if you can finish the sentence.

UR. Klvavvvd pr Jbbfm Jt qvshvbm pr bshvdmvshvbm dvvbm.

Israeli Jumble

Three facts about Israel are concealed in these three strange lines. Just rearrange the letters until you find them.

JAMES RULE
UR CUT IN FIRST
STUN COOL RUM

HOW RUBBER HEELS WERE INVENTED

HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN'S feet hurt. He tried standing on first one then the other but that didn't help. The floor in front of the stones and type cases of the print shop felt equally hard to either of his sore, aching feet.

"I know just how it will be," Humphrey grumbled aloud. "By the time I get off work, I'll be so tired and cranky I won't feel like doing a thing except going to bed. If there only were some way to soften up this hard floor!"

It was while he lay in bed that night unable to sleep because of his aching feet that Humphrey had the idea. When he went to work the next morning he carried with him an elastic rubber mat. Placing it in front of the cases where he most often stood, he cushioned his sore feet from the hard floor. At the end of the day Humphrey and Humphrey's feet both felt fine.

That is, until the practical joker who is always present in every print shop took to hiding the rubber mat. Humphrey raged and ranted but more times than he could not find the rubber mat that saved his heels from the hard floor.

And the missing mat was no joke to Humphrey.

Again he could not sleep because of his tired, aching feet. And again necessity became the mother of invention.

Next morning Humphrey made a purchase before he went to the print shop. It was another of the elastic rubber mats and some small nails. When the practical joker hid away the mat, he noticed that it had two identical small holes in it.

The practical joker waited for Humphrey to explode in a rage when he discovered that the rubber mat was gone again. But Humphrey was calm and even smiling. In fact the smile became a grin as he noticed the joker's disappointment.

"You'll have to think up a new one," Humphrey told the man. "I don't care how many times you hide the mat now. Look!"

He lifted a foot and showed the joker that he had nailed a piece of the rubber matting to each heel. "I'll carry my foot comfort around with me from now on," Humphrey said.

So was invented the simple but helpful rubber heel that has added to foot ease and reduced shock resistance and noise in walking for millions. The foot-sore printer brought foot comfort within the reach of everyone.

Once Again

Handi repeated the question. "Mr Punch, did you ever know any Indians?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr Punch. "I know a few. I met one named Hiawatha."

"You mean you did?" exclaimed Knarf.

"I sort of did," replied Mr Punch. "I once knew an Indian named Hiawatha."

"Oh, no," said Handi. "That wasn't a real Indian. He was just a book-Indian. You met him in a poem."

"I guess you're right," Mr Punch admitted. "I knew I had met him somewhere."

For a moment or two, Mr Punch was silent. Then all at once he said: "Oh, I just remembered! I once knew another Indian."

"What was his name?" asked Handi.

"Chief Wooden Head."

"I don't think he had a name," said Mr Punch. "I used to call him Chief Wooden Head."

Knarf said in surprise: "Chief Wooden Head?"

Mr Punch nodded. "That wasn't his real name, you understand. It was the name I called him by."

"Didn't he mind that name?" Handi said.

"Not a bit," said Mr Punch. "You see, he was a wooden Indian."

This was really astonishing news.

"Yes," continued Mr Punch, "my old friend Chief Wooden Head didn't mind being called that because he was made of wood through and through. He was a fine-looking Indian chief, as fine as anyone had ever seen. He had a nose like a vulture, two sharp eyes, high cheek bones and the colour of his skin was like a copper penny."

"That means I must be Noah. If he is in the district, he must have water to float his Ark in, and the only water out there is the Northwood Lake. He must be up the hill with his ark, the lake far below and his ark floating through a thick wood on his way down."

Mr Punch paused. He smiled a little, then sighed a little as he thought again about his old friend Chief Wooden Head.

"I often wonder whether the old Chief is still standing in front of the tobacco shop," Mr Punch said. "I hope he is. It would be a pity if he ever fell down or if someone who didn't like Indians chopped him up for a firewood. He was the nicest, best-behaved, handsomest Indian I ever knew, and even with a vulture, two sharp eyes, high cheek bones and the colour of his skin was like a copper penny."

"No?" said Handi.

"Why not?" inquired Knarf.

Never Moved

"Because," said Mr Punch, "Chief Wooden Head never did any walking. He stood in one spot all year long. He was like a tree. He never moved. You could always find him standing in front of the tobacco shop in the town where I lived when I was a small boy."

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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Automatic Play Not Always Best

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOME bridge plays seem pretty automatic, but that doesn't make them right. In today's hand, for example, an early trump lead seems very natural. When the hand was actually played, South thought so too, but he soon discovered his mistake.

West opened the queen of hearts, and declarer won in dummy with the king. Without going into the hand very closely, South decided that a round of trumps would make the opponents play two of their high cards on the same trick. He therefore led a low trump from dummy.

West liked this line of play so much that he enthusiastically continued it. He took his three top trumps and then led the jack of hearts.

South was now in trouble. He could make three trumps in his hand, one ruff in dummy, and five high cards in the side suits. These totalled nine tricks, leaving South one trick short of his contract.

There was no need for South to get the trump out in a hurry. He could well afford to

NORTH		2
♠	A 7 5 4	
♥	A K 8	
♦	A	
♣	A Q 10 7 3	
WEST		
♠	A K J	
♥	Q J 10 9	
♦	10 7 4 2	
♣	5 2	
EAST		
♠	None	
♥	Q J 9 8 3	
♦	Q J 9 8 4	
♣	5 2	
SOUTH (D)		
♠	Q 10 9 6 3 2	
♥	5 3	
♦	5	
♣	0	
North-South vul.		
South	West	North
Pass	Pass	Pass
1 ♠	Pass	1 ♠
Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♥ Q		

let the opponents make three

trump tricks regardless of how the trumps were divided.

After dummy wins the first trick with the king of hearts, declarer should cash the ace of diamonds, and the ace of clubs. He then ruffs a club and leads the king of diamonds in order to discard the losing heart from the dummy.

This line of play puts South in position to ruff both a low heart and a low diamond in the dummy. He can get to his hand as often as he likes by ruffing dummy's clubs.

An over-ruff is no threat, since that will use up one of the enemy's three trumps. After that, the enemy can remove only two trumps from the dummy.

There is no way for the defenders to get three trumps out of the dummy, so South is sure to get two ruffs in the dummy. That is one trick more than he actually got, and this trick represented the difference between making the contract and going down.

CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been: North East South West
1 Heart Pass 2 Diamonds Pass
3 Clubs Pass
You, South, hold: Spades K-J-9-4, Hearts 8-3-2, Diamonds K-Q-J-8-5, Clubs A-3. What do you do?

A—Bid three no-trump. This shows balanced distribution, at least one stopper in the unbid suit, and no particular preference for either of your partner's suits.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spades K-J-7, Hearts 8-3-2, Diamonds K-Q-J-8-5, Clubs A-3. What do you do?

Answer on Monday

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MAY 8

BORN today, you have many and diverse talents which should be developed at an early age. You must, however, learn to develop your own will power and determination if you are to reach the heights which you desire. You are such a perfectionist, perhaps, that you lack confidence in your own ability. This is a serious defect, for all too often the world takes its measure of a person by the amount and degree of self-confidence one shows.

You have a gentle, kindly personality and have the capacity for great friendship. You are fond of the beautiful in nature and if possible should spend part of your time, at least, in the country. If you must work in a city, try and live in the suburbs. The stars do not indicate that you have what is called "luck" in speculative ventures, so stick to sure things, rather than take chances on something. The "chance" chance of a life-time to make a fortune is not for you! Your marriage should be an especially happy and contented one.

Among those who were born on this date are: Harry S. Truman, 33rd U.S. President; Dante, author; Robert Ingersoll, orator; William H. Vanderbilt, financier; and L. M. Gottschalk, pianist and composer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MAY 9

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20)—If life seems just a little too confusing, seek spiritual advice. It can be very helpful, indeed.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—Attend to the church of your choice may bring a real uplift to your spirits just now.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Early hours should be for work. After that, you may make recreational plans appropriate to the day.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Not a day to brood over things you didn't do yesterday! Relax tensions today and make plans for tomorrow.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This should be a definite day of rest for you. If energies are lagging, they will spring back.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This is a day for care on the roads if you are driving in heavy traffic. Watch out!

BORN today, you are a person of intense emotions and definite opinions. Your battle, most of your life, will be against becoming fanatical upon a subject, once you become interested in it.

You are not one who can hope to rely upon others. Your entire life will depend upon your own initiative, your own will be asserted, and your own ability to make use of the talents which have been bequeathed you by the stars. You are, more than many, master of your own fate. You have a magnetic personality which draws people to you and gives you an influence over them which they, themselves, may not at first realize. Remember to keep your ideas high, for upon you rests the decision as to what your followers may do when you are leading.

Your family ties are strong and, since you are attractive to members of the opposite sex, it likely that you will have several opportunities to wed. Your ultimate selection of a marriage partner will have a great deal to do with your ultimate success and happiness—or failure and unhappiness—in life.

Among those who were born on this date are: James M. Barrie, playwright; the former Empress Zita of Hungary; John Brown, abolitionist; Richard Barthelmess and Mae Murray, silent screen stars; and Henry J. Kaiser, manufacturer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MAY 10

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20)—Problems may arise today which call for quiet, calm but decisive action. Be prepared for it.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—While working conscientiously on today's schedule, give a serious thought to your future plans.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—All work and no play can be very dull—but today may have to be one of those "all work and no play" days!

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Hate can cause accident. Be on your guard against carelessness with fire around the house today.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Continuous effort, even though rather dull, should bring you the rewards you have been seeking.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This is a day when your utmost in active energy may be needed to cope with matters at hand.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—It may not be easy to get back into the workaday routine after a pleasant week-end, but you can try.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Develop your artistic talents for it is a real waste not to make use of them when you can.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If you relaxed in the open

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—This is a good day for your activities. Do what you wish and your plans will work out well.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you are restless and find you are worrying over things, seek the help of spiritual guidance.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—This could be a fine time for a family outing in the country, weather permitting.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Even if you are a careful driver yourself, watch out for the other fellow.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Make it a point to visit an old acquaintance, if you cannot go in person, telephone!

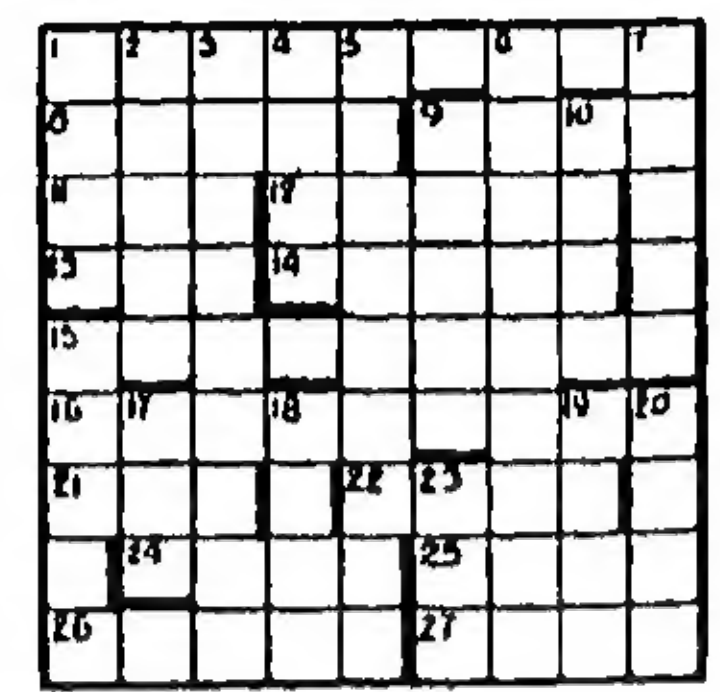
ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Spiritual activities are favoured. Your church and your community may need your cooperation.

CROSSWORD

DUMB BELLS



Crossword



- Across
1. She has far to go—but has been seen in the film. (10)
 2. Counting one zero in this state. (5)
 3. If you do about at a good one, you'll rate well. (4)
 4. Shakespeare once is celebrated. (3)
 5. A lot of hereford. (3)
 6. How the inn's grown up! (3)
 7. It tends to influence when you are repairing a puncture. (4)
 8. A radio wine and as a result you never tire. (9)
 9. Spelling one provides a hint of talk. (3)
 10. "What a dream." (4)
 11. Late cricket scores may be p. this. (4)
 12. You may do this when the tea is poured out. (4)
 13. Ungracious and moody attitude. (5)
 14. Westerner (Ancient Briton 4710). (4)

- Down
1. One loom may affect the whole. (4)
 2. Drey. (4)
 3. A little when makes her own clothes. (4)
 4. Cuckoo was. (4)
 5. Helly cars provide educated type. (4)
 6. You may track this to the owner. (5)
 7. Surely one who names in a tree? (5)
 8. Done this? He won't do a thing. (5)
 9. You keep toothpaste in these. (5)
 10. The price is exact. (3)
 11. Wicked. (4)
 12. Boy from the millions. (4)
 13. This should be swept away. (4)
 14. River takes up much of your drink. (3)

What's his line?
Rearrange the letters of this name—
SEAN MACNUIRN
—to find his occupation.
(Solution on Page 20)

POPULAR RECORDS:

Love And Romance On The Discs

IT is only natural in this new season that we should be flooded with songs of love and romance.

Some of the new singles are serious, such as Johnnie Roy's superb Columbia recording of "Destiny," and others are non-serious, such as Tony Martin's lament on love, passion,

THUNDER RESEARCH

By J. Gordon Cook

During the last few years, thunderstorm research has become a priority job in meteorology.

The massive cumulo-nimbus thunderclouds that tower up miles into the sky are a constant threat of floods, a three-mile-high cloud will often build up in ten minutes or less. And a pilot caught inside a thundercloud will find himself one minute borne upwards in a rising stream of air, and the next carried down by a hail-driven gale blowing at sixty miles an hour.

To find out what goes on inside these thunderclouds, American scientists have been carrying out a giant research project. More than twelve hundred flights have been made at different levels through selected thunderclouds, using planes packed with meteorological gadgets. Balloons have been sent up into the clouds and followed by radar. Radar was used to detect the raindrops as they formed, and to track them as they fell through the cloud.

From the masses of statistics that poured into the meteorological laboratories, the scientists have built up a picture of the workings of a typical thundercloud. And their discoveries look like being of first-rate importance to our aircraft pilots.

A thunderstorm is seldom a single storm in itself. It is made up of a lot of little storms within the cloud, each having a life of its own. In between the storm cells there is generally a wall of relatively calm air, and a plane keeping in these quiet areas can fly through a thundercloud without being flung about by turbulent air currents. Each storm area within the cloud can be as much as three miles in diameter.

Inside the storm areas, warm air rushes upwards until it is cooled in the upper air. A stream of cold air then starts flowing downwards, carrying rain or snow. These air currents, moving rapidly in opposite directions, build up an electric charge between different layers of the atmosphere. Suddenly, a hundred million-volt sparks snap—and then we see a lightning flash.

As radar techniques develop, pilots may be able to find their way without difficulty along the calm-air corridors in the thundercloud.

Long-hair hit: Arthur Fiedler and his Boston Pops Orchestra compress the music from George Gershwin's opera, "Porgy and Bess," on an RCA-Victor single.

Hillbilly hit of the week: "Foolish Questions" by Arthur (Guitar Boogie) Smith, (M-G-M). In addition to the title song, Smith and his Crackerjacks play seven amusing country-style numbers, including "Conversation with a Mule."

—WILLIAM D. LAFFLER.

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DART WORDS

YOU start DART WORDS today in the world of art, with an **ARTIST**. You get from one to the other by rearranging the words in the circle such as a word that the relationship between any word and the next to it is governed by one of six rules. You have to work with the first and last are fixed.

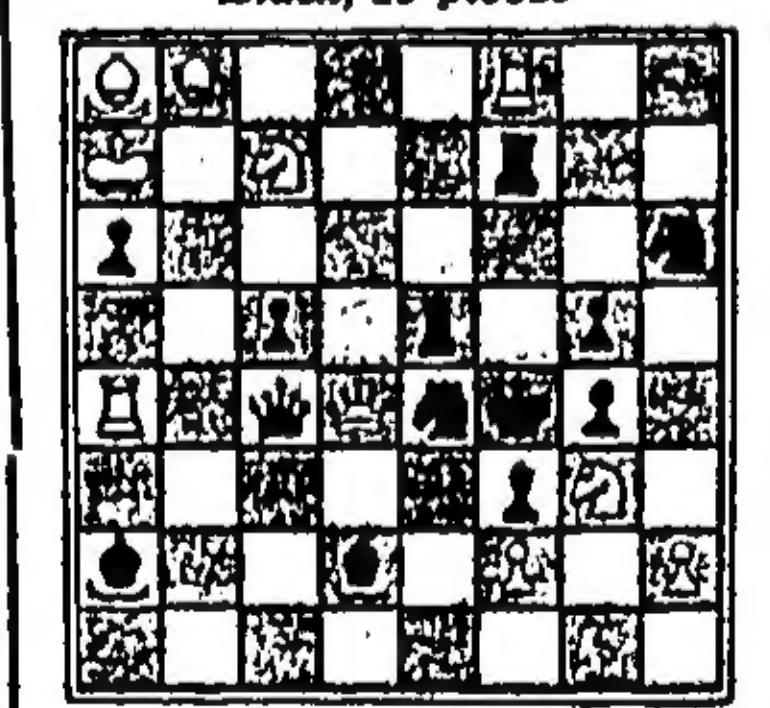
RULES

1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.
2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
3. It may be found by adding one letter to the preceding word.
4. It may be found by subtracting one letter from the preceding word.
5. It may be associated with the preceding word in a proverb, motto, or association of ideas.
6. It may come with the preceding word in a phrase.

(Solution on Page 20)

CHESS PROBLEM

By A. PIATESI
Black, 13 pieces



White, 10 pieces.
White to play; mate in two.
Solution to yesterday's problem:
1. R-Kt1, any; 2. Q, B, or Kt mates.



"And now, are there any questions?"

